

# COUNTRY LIFE

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*Marcus Adams.*

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND HER DAUGHTER.

48, Dover Street, W.1.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## Progress in Industry

THE forthcoming opening of Imperial Chemical House, illustrations of which appear elsewhere in this issue, will mark another stage in the great work that has been achieved by Lord Melchett in establishing the chemical industry on a sound and rational basis, to the great benefit not only of this country, but of the Empire. The lead that he has given is being followed in some other branches of industry, and it is well to re-assert the principles which, we think, should govern such developments and which have undoubtedly been the basis of the success of the enterprise in question.

In the first place, any scheme for the combination of companies must, nowadays, be founded on the lines of reducing the costs of production, and so bringing down prices to the consumer. The time is past when the moral and social sense of any nation will permanently submit to any attempt at using the benefits of combination in order

to raise prices. Such a course is bound to be defeated by public opinion and by the growing realisation of Governments that it is part of their duty to seek and ensure the welfare of the general communities which they govern.

In this connection, we venture to hope that these principles are realised by those American financiers who are obtaining control of some of the electrical undertakings of this country. We are not completely reassured by the fact that they have selected a British statesman for their Chairman. It may, indeed, serve their purpose to have a figurehead whose interests and sympathies undoubtedly lie with his own country, but there is no commercial undertaking in which those who pay the piper do not in reality call the tune, and we can only trust that the Government as well as the industrial leaders of this country are alive to the dangers which cannot be absent from the control by foreign capital of a vital public service. The supply of cheap electricity is one of the most important factors in the development and restoration of urban and rural industries, and it must be a matter of regret that British capital should not control it.

Fortunately, there are no such reservations to make in connection with Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited; this great company has regained for England a great industry, it has been founded on British capital and it employs British labour. It has established a new manufacture for this country in the production of synthetic nitrogenous fertilisers, a product which, in time of war, might well be decisive and which in time of peace is of supreme importance to agriculture and to the production of foodstuffs in this country and throughout the Empire.

This brings us to the second of the principles on which we conceive the great success of Lord Melchett and his colleagues is based, namely, the system of management which has come to be known as rationalisation. Space does not here permit us to go fully into this matter, but the general principles, and their value, are receiving increasing recognition.

There is another direction in which Imperial Chemical Industries has shown a lead which should be followed by all other great industries of the country. They have realised that the future prosperity of British manufacturers must ultimately rest on sound and prosperous agriculture in this country and throughout the Empire. One half of the manufactured exports of the United Kingdom are sold within the British Empire, 80 per cent. of whose population depend on agriculture as a means of livelihood. Moreover, these sales hold the possibility of almost limitless expansion, but this expansion must depend on agricultural prosperity. It therefore follows on these grounds alone, apart from other economic and monetary influences which also operate in the same direction, that the future of British industry is, in the long run, dependent on the future prosperity of primary producers at home and within the Empire.

For these three practical reasons, therefore, the prosperity of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, is a matter of national importance. First, they have shown in actual practice (by the price, for example, of sulphate of ammonia) that their policy is, wherever possible, to reduce prices to the consumer; secondly, they have put into practice the principles of rationalisation, on which we believe the future of British industry rests; and thirdly, they have shown in practice, by their disinterested assistance to agricultural research and support of all measures which may lead to agricultural prosperity in this country, that they appreciate the interdependence of urban and rural industries in this country.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Louis Mountbatten with her little daughter Patricia, who was born in 1924. Lady Louis Mountbatten is the elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilfred Ashley, P.C., M.P., and was married in 1922 to the younger son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven.

\*\* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**G**ARDENING is brought to a complete standstill by the frost, and will probably continue to be impracticable for a fortnight after the thaw, owing to the depth to which the ground is frozen. But, even while disaster stalks among the tenderer shrubs and it seems impossible that the iron ground will ever be spread with blossom, the Garden Supplement included in this number of COUNTRY LIFE will come to gardeners with, we like to think, a message of hope. Do plants ever flower so profusely, do borders look so glorious, or do visitors exhibit such ecstasies of rapture as one dreams of on winter evenings, seated before the fire surrounded with plant catalogues? The gardener's joys are, for the most part, realistic: the smell of earth and of things growing, the satisfaction of delving and planting and of seeing labour rewarded. But in catalogues and garden pictures resides a pure romantic delight, the pleasure of hope in the abstract. To make out a list from a seedsman's catalogue is to taste in imagination the joys of all the seasons at once. In some years there is scarcely time for these dreams, so much needs actually doing in the open. But now, when no horticulture is possible outside the mind, is a fine season for sowing these roseate resolutions which—who knows?—may really germinate when the warm weather comes.

THE National Gallery, generally recognised as the finest representative collection of painting in the world, is largely wasted in wintertime by the absence of any form of artificial lighting. Not one of our museums can be regarded as properly lit, but their contents are at least visible in winter; fortunately for the Dutch Exhibition, Burlington House is artificially lit. If it were not, the difficulty imposed on borrowing foreign pictures owing to the regulations forbidding loans from our own State collections would be supplemented by our not being able to see exhibitions of them when they did materialise. The matter of reciprocal loans, as has been insisted upon before in these pages, calls for a prompt revision of museum regulations, if only as a matter of policy. But there is no regulation prohibiting the adequate lighting of the collections we do possess. It is understood that the Treasury is responsible for the existing state of affairs. It is almost incredible that, in order to effect the ludicrous economy of the price of electric current and the wages of a few attendants, works of art of inestimable value, both monetary and moral, should be neglected in this way. Modern methods of lighting picture galleries present several alternatives to the old-fashioned and unsatisfactory system to be seen in most English museums, and notably in the National Portrait Gallery. The new Philadelphia Museum contains the latest developments of lighting, and, although the height and proportions of the National Gallery rooms present certain difficulties, electrical engineers are fully capable of making as good a job of them as they have at Philadelphia.

WHEN the history of collecting comes to be written, the last hundred years will constitute the most fruitful and complex section. And among the greatest collectors will stand the directors of museums, who, whether or no they possessed collections of their own, like Sir Charles Wollaston Franks, were, in effect, collectors on behalf of the nation. The late Sir Hercules Reid, pupil and successor to Franks at the British Museum, of which he was Keeper from 1896 to 1921, was one of the greatest of this type of collector. The epithet is used advisedly, for probably no man in his position in the future will have so wide and at the same time so scholarly a knowledge of art and antiquities. Departments have been split up, and the increase of specialisation makes a wide extent of *expertise* almost impossible. Sir Hercules, as Reid became in 1912—characteristically choosing his second name rather than Charles, his first, because, as he said it possessed more rarity—was an international authority on classic art from the Renaissance backwards to prehistory, on many branches of Far Eastern art, and on the ethnography of many parts of the world. His personal charm, as much as his knowledge, made him the friend of rich collectors from whom he was most successful in obtaining bequests for the Museum. An informal group of wealthy enthusiasts, brought into being under his influence and known as the "Friends of the British Museum," used to meet for Saturday lunch at the Café Royal. The "Friends" were really the nucleus from which the National Art Collections Fund sprang.

### EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART, 1929.

This is the Dutch Art Show.  
Hundreds of years ago  
Most of them died, both painters and painted,  
Although these faces,  
Above their exquisite snow of laces  
And ruffs that even time has not tainted,  
Are so like the faces we know.

Hundreds, hundreds of years:  
And the heart has its tears  
For the gnat-like span  
Of long-dead, impotent man  
(Tears that derive their sting  
From our own brief sojourning).  
Yet, stronger than sense of doom, is pride  
In these things that abide!—  
These inches of canvas and paint  
That across the years can acquaint  
Man with his birthright, eternity.

Doom, pride . . .  
It is good to be  
Here, where the homeless heart  
May be one with the mystery, art.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE British Industries Fair, which opened at the beginning of this week, swells in size and increases in comprehensiveness every year, so that it can now claim to be the largest national trade fair in the world. Originating in the dark days of 1915, when we suddenly found ourselves without many of the articles and products essential to the prosecution of a great war, the Fair's first object was to introduce trade buyers to the new body of British manufacturers, who set about in earnest to make good our deficiencies. At first the Fair had no fixed abode, but since the Armistice it has settled at the White City, and in 1920 it opened a second, Midland, section at Castle Bromwich. The range of its exhibits now far transcends the original war-time necessities, to supply which it was started. Everything, from motor boats to toy soldiers, from perambulators to teapots, is represented at the White City in an exhibition to which nearly 1,500 firms have contributed. To make the grand tour of the whole Fair it is necessary to walk eight miles, but for fear that the visitor may faint by the way, restaurants and tea-rooms are distributed at refreshingly frequent intervals. At Castle Bromwich the heavier industries are concentrated, and the exhibitors number nearly a thousand. Taken altogether, the Fair is a triumph

for the enterprise of British manufacturers, whose products attract buyers from all over the world. The Fair will remain open until March 1st.

THE chief lesson which the Fair can teach us, if we are only willing to learn, was driven home in no uncertain terms by the Prince of Wales in his speech at the inaugural dinner. At a time when so much public discussion is devoted to the problems of currency and exchange, it is really astonishing how little is said by prominent people on the equally important subject of salesmanship. His Royal Highness speaks from the unparalleled experience he has gained in all parts of the Empire, and, indeed, of many other parts of the world, when he boldly tells manufacturers that there is "something utterly wrong" at the market end of their transactions, and demands an answer to the question whether the salesmanship of this country is worthy of the standard of workmanship of the men. If the answer is "no," as we fear it must be, a great wrong is being done, for, given the necessary equipment and methods, the British workman can hold his own with anybody.

THE fact is, we fear, that a conspectus of the sales situation throughout the world would show that in very many cases British manufacturers are being pushed out of the markets of the world simply because they are not marketing their goods efficiently and will not adopt new methods better suited than the old to modern requirements. The simple process of selling to merchants and leaving them to get rid of the goods is no longer feasible. We must follow the example of our rivals, and support the merchants and retailers by stimulating the public to buy. The Senior Trade Commissioner for India has recently produced a report on the present prospects of British trade, in which he states quite plainly that correspondence with hundreds of firms each year shows that the great majority have not yet appreciated the call for revised methods and organisation in order to meet new conditions. What is true of India is true of other countries, and Englishmen may well ask what good is a favourable exchange if we do not market our goods.

WHILE the number of disastrous fires at country houses has been alarmingly great the last two or three years, Oxford and Cambridge colleges have been, happily, immune from any serious outbreaks. But the fire which broke out in Tree Court at Caius early one morning last week shows the danger to which any college building is liable. Fortunately, the alarm was soon given, and it was not long before the flames were under control, so that the damage was confined to the staircase where the outbreak began. But perhaps this may be regretted by some to whom the Waterhouse building on the west side of Trinity Street is a perpetual eyesore. Pyjama-clad forms rapidly filled the court and proceeded to assist the firemen and occupants of the rooms in removing furniture and belongings to safer regions, and when all was over the fire brigade was solemnly photographed. Rumour has it that a research student, who was one of the unfortunates whose rooms were gutted, suddenly remembered his pile of notes, the result of three years' labour towards a thesis, lying in a corner of his room; dashing heedlessly through the flames, he seized the already smouldering bundle and flung it bodily out of the window. But reports vary as to whether this act of single-hearted devotion to learning was rewarded by finding the precious bundle unscathed, or already so charred as to be indecipherable.

IN our enthusiasm over the achievements of our present Test team in Australia we are apt to forget the heroes of the old time before us. But the death of J. M. Read last Sunday should call us back to what now seem the long ago 'eighties and 'nineties, when the giants, Richardson and Lockwood, the two Reads and "W. G." himself still trod the greensward of Lord's and the Oval. Maurice Read, as he was called to distinguish him from his namesake "W. W.," was one of the best all-round cricketers of his day. His career began in 1880, and for fifteen years he

played cricket for Surrey, when Surrey was far and away the strongest of the county sides. He four times went with M.C.C. teams to Australia, and he played in the historic Test Match at the Oval in 1890, when our team scrambled home by two wickets. Requiring only ninety-five runs to win in the fourth innings, but on a bowler's pitch, England lost the wickets of "W. G.," W. Gunn and W. W. Read for thirty-two runs; but Maurice Read, coming in, managed to make thirty-five before being dismissed, and so turned almost certain defeat into victory. Read retired early from professional cricket, and since 1895 had been groundsman to Sir Henry Tichborne at his private ground in Hampshire. A cricket Cincinnatus, as he has been aptly called.

MELVILLE E. STONE, who has just died at the age of eighty-one, was a standing refutation of many libels which have been hurled indiscriminately at the American Press. Before he joined the Associated Press, in 1893, he had already had some thirty years' experience as a "working journalist," beginning at sixteen as a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune* and ending at forty-six in the editorial chair of the *Daily News*. The Associated Press, which, during the next thirty years, he made as good a newsgathering agency as has ever existed, was largely the work of his own news sense and organising intelligence, and there can be no doubt whatever that he founded its success on strict accuracy and freedom from sensationalism and prejudice. Not only that, but he made its matter lively and interesting, and soon found himself providing a nationwide service of news. He was a most popular figure in his own profession both in America and England. Fortunately for us, Mr. Stone had one of those open and friendly minds which is not greatly bothered by the Atlantic, and he was known and held in esteem and admiration by almost as many of his colleagues in this country as in the States. His death will be mourned over here not only by his own profession, but by the many friends whom, during his long services to journalism, he made among Englishmen of very different kinds. They, too, feel that they have lost a wise counsellor and a trusted friend.

#### THE LITTLE GREY FARMS.

(To A. M. B.)

The little grey farms of the north were not built, they grew;  
Age after age, unnoticed, the rock pushed through,  
And formed itself into chimney and rough stone stair.  
And the men of the vales say: "Aye, they were always there."

The little grey farms of the north never change, they stand  
Year after year unchanged in a changeless land;  
But when the last man leaves the vales—none knows how or  
when—

The little grey farms of the north will be rocks again.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THOUGH, Heaven knows, everybody can see how the countryside is being spoilt, the way in which it is being preserved is, by its very nature, not so noticeable. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is staging an exhibition, to be opened by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, in the galleries of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 9, Conduit Street, at 4.30 on Monday, which is designed to illustrate the two processes comparatively. It consists for the most part of photographs, taken during the past year or two, showing instances of how building, advertisement, road-making and the other processes at work in the countryside need not necessarily lower the character of the neighbourhood. There is no lack of instances of beastliness: garish and untidy hoardings, disgusting collections of shanties, and suburban developments that, while not flagrantly bad, yet indicate a total lack of imagination or feeling for country things in their perpetrators. But the impression carried away from the exhibition is, on the whole, encouraging for the future. It shows how, by persistence, and even by appeals to common sense, its potential destroyers can be led to respect country beauty. The exhibition, which is organised by Mr. H. H. Peech of Leicester, has already been seen in several Midland cities, where it has made a marked impression on business men.

## THE FORMAL GARDEN OF TO-DAY



1.—EASTON NESTON: THE NEW LAY-OUT ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

**T**HE war, affecting our outlook and curtailing our purchasing power, re-acted on gardening. Our interest in the garden, indeed, is no less, is even greater than it was. It is the form and treatment of it that have been modified. The most results with the least labour is now the general call. Elaborate glasshouses, intensive bedding out, minute tillage have tended to give way to extensive wilds and woodlands, to a spacious and natural treatment of trees and shrubs, herbaceous plants and bulbs. Such families as

prunus and pyrus, rhododendron and azalea form ample backgrounds for colonies of larkspurs and lupins, of daffodils and tulips, while rifts of primula and iris line the water's edge. Thus we can get excellent effect and continuous pleasure with moderate upkeep, and there is no form of gardening that so well meets both the taste and the need of the day.

But it must not monopolise our attention or oust that finished and formal gardening which consorts so sympathetically with the definite lines and angles of the dwelling. The wood



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2.—GREAT MAYTHAM: THE GARDEN-HOUSE AND MAIN BORDER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and wilderness are right enough; but our matured taste frowns at the thought of bringing them up to the doorstep. A moderate interval where man disciplines Nature should be crossed before the greater area of her freedom is reached.

This view, fortunately, has so strong an attraction for us that we still find the formal garden holding its own. Existing ones have been altered and maintained, new ones have been devised and laid out. It would have been a thousand pities had this not been so, for the school

of formal gardening that arose in England before the nineteenth century ended, and was full of vigour in 1914, possessed in high degree the qualities of thought and reasonableness. Designers had reached the point of very carefully considering the characteristics of intended sites, and far from desiring to obliterate or ignore them, they preserved them, made features of them and by clever manipulation of them gave individuality to their schemes, which thus became not mere drawing-board productions, but apposite inventions worked out on the spot. That this school is still flourishing we can see from a variety of post-war gardens each adapted to the house it supports and the landscape it adjoins.

No better re-creation of the environment of a surviving Late Stuart mansion has been accomplished than that lately completed at Easton Neston. Built for Lord Lempster by Nicholas Hawksmoor in 1702, the house has survived with no exterior change, but the original lay-out, except for a few of its larger features, had been swept away. How well the new work



3.—OARE HOUSE: THE NEW GARDEN BEYOND THE OLD WALL.

enters into the spirit of a place erected when the Versailles idea dominated the life scheme of the English Whig oligarchs, an illustration at once shows (Fig. 1). From the house the original staircase leads you down to a paved expanse set with formal beds and topiary objects. This section ends with a balustrade, through the intervals of which we descend to a great oval pool—almost a lake—as delightful to look at as it is pleasant to swim in. Its sides are guarded by tall yew hedges set with terms, but its end is open to the

avenued vista of the park. Of the same period, but on a much smaller scale, is Oare House, in Wiltshire, and here an old, neglected walled garden has been greatly extended and rearranged. From the south windows we look along a side of the old garden wall. Well tenanted and tilled borders are at its foot, and a broad paved way leads you to an apt loggia as a terminal (Fig. 3). To the west the view is across the old garden on to a level stretch of park, of which the open centre leads the eye out on to the distant downs.

At Allington Castle, which was fully illustrated and described as a historical building in COUNTRY LIFE some years ago, much gardening has been done since the war. The level plateau above the Castle to the east has been laid out on broad lines, where wide grass alleys, yew hedged and bordered, sometimes with stretches of lavender, sometimes with plantations of simple garden flowers, are punctuated with grouped pillars of rambler rose. Then, again, within the old Castle enclosure a broad



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4.—ENCOMBE: THE GARDEN COURT.

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5.—HIGH GLANAU: THE HANGING TERRACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—HIGH GLANAU: THE RIBBONED PARTERRE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—TWITTS GHYLL: AN OLD FARM CURTILAGE NEW GARDENED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

border curving with the wall is made brilliant by a generous collection of perennials, some modestly blossoming at your feet, others soaring up to the level of the wall top (Fig. 8).

Another Kentish example of the agreeable disposition, thoughtful arrangement and successful maintenance of large, liberally planned, herbaceous borders is to be found at Great

Maytham. The house was built a few years before the war, but the borders are thoroughly representative of post-war planting and methods (Fig. 2).

More intimate and personal is the simple, but delightful, garden treatment of the curtilage of the old Sussex farmhouse of Twitts Ghyll. It has become a charming Cincinnatus retreat



8.—ALLINGTON CASTLE: A GLORIOUS NEW BORDER WITHIN THE OLD CASTLE ENCLOSURE.

where our Secretary for Foreign Affairs has been able to throw off the cares of State and keep happy company with the abounding and cheerful inmates with which he has fully peopled his modest pleasure (Fig. 7).

Such are examples of lately done and successful re-dressing—proportionate to scale and sympathetic to style—of the environment of existing houses. Let us now visit a couple of places alike in being entirely new, but far different in size, conception and treatment.

Enccombe is an exotic. Its massive whitewashed surfaces, its extensive arched and vaulted loggias, its paved patio-like and pergolaed garden court (F.g. 4) all speak of hot sun and arid clime. It cannot harmonise with the normal English landscape, and, fortunately, it is not called upon to do so. Set half way down on the tumbled and quickly falling ground that separates Shorncliffe from the sea and buried amid its trees, it neither sees nor is seen by its Sandgate neighbours fringing the edge of the waves below it, but looks over the roofs and through its own pines and ilexes on to the open sea. Close your eyes as you leave Sandgate street and open them again when you are within the house arcading. You will think you

have travelled a thousand miles and reached a far different land. It was a dangerous experiment, but wholly successful, because its designers chose the right site for it and adapted it to that site.

High Glanau, on the other hand, is set aloft and open to view in a distinctive Monmouthshire sub-mountainous landscape, and so needs be in full harmony with it. As regards the house, the form is gabled, the treatment rough, the materials are the warm sandstone of the spot and the cool grey slate of neighbouring Pembrokeshire. As regards the gardens, they are, in the main, a use of rocky woodland and rushing stream. Here Nature is so wild and bold that she must not be flouted, can only be dressed and combed with diffidence and respect. Just where she has offered ledges rather than plateaux in her quick downward course from rugged hill-top to watery dell a small house, hanging terraces (F.g. 5) and a narrow ribboned parterre (F.g. 6) could be wedged and inserted, but could not command their site or dictate their size and form. Thus was hostility between Nature and formalism prevented. The scene is one of friendly peace, and all plants show their pleasure by a healthy and ample display of their charms.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## GOLF IN THE SUN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I AM writing this article at Pau, but I will not make English golfers too jealous by descanting on the sunshine. I read of bad weather at home and snowflakes like giant gooseberries, and so I will be honest and say that the weather is not so very good here. Up to the moment I have had two lovely days, one very wet one, then a dry cold one, and, finally, to day it is raining again, though there are symptoms, possibly fallacious, of its clearing up in time. Nevertheless, Pau is a very pleasant spot wherein to be lazy, and the golf is very pleasant to play not too energetically.

For one thing, Pau is emphatically a romantic golf club. It has a history. When there was no Sandwich, no Deal, no Sunningdale, no all sorts of courses that are now of established fame, men were playing golf, and had been playing it for a good many years, on this agreeable plain by the rushing river, with the hills looking down upon it. Everybody who has in his composition any tinge of romance has entered certain golf clubs for the first time with steps at once reverent and excited. The first visit to St. Andrews must always, of course, provide the supreme moment, but it was almost equally thrilling to go to Blackheath when golf was still played upon that historic stretch of hard, bare, gravelly turf. And then there is Hoylake. A golfer's soul must be dead indeed who does not look for the first time on its cops and its rushes with excited eyes, and imagine the infant John Ball playing his earliest shots there and startling his elders by his prodigious promise of greatness. It is with something of this same feeling of pilgrimage that one comes to Pau. The club-house is full of the most charming old faded photographs, groups of ancient golfers in clothes that now move one to almost irreverent smiles. There is one that I came across the other day in an upstairs room, which is peculiarly engaging. A lady in a sailor hat, who has, presumably, won some splendid victory, is being carried aloft in a chair, and appears to be conscious of the peril rather than the glory of her situation. By the side of the chair-carriers stands another lady bearing in each hand a small figure of a golfer, presumably a prize. I could, perhaps, by diligent research have discovered all about them, but it gives me a more intensely poignant feeling to think of them as nameless heroines of a legendary past.

There is much else to stimulate these youthful and romantic sensations. The boards recording the names of the champions, two on each side, who have fought out the annual foursome match between Pau and Biarritz, go back into the dim ages, and there are illustrious names among them—Horace Hutchinson, Charles Hutchings, Edward Blackwell, Robert Maxwell, Leslie Balfour Meville, and so on down to the present time when a couple of redoubtable veterans, H. E. Taylor and H. M. Cairnes, carry the Pau banner regularly to victory. Then, among the records of medals, there is one that greatly "intrigues" me. The prize is called, I think, the Mackenzie Quaich, and its first year the winner appears simply as "World." In the following year the World was deposed in favour of Scotland, and after this come-down there is a long blank gap. What occurred I know not, but after the gap there comes merely the name of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, and the World and Scotland apparently buried the hatchet and fought no more.

This pleasant, old-fashioned, dignified character of the club belongs also to the golf. There is nothing at all modern about it. There are nice old cross-bunkers that must have been made a good long while ago; there are plenty of burns and of roads; the greens are not too big, neither, if I may respectfully say so, are they too smooth. Yet it is not merely amusing golf; it is good and interesting golf in respect of many of the shots that have to be played, and if the greens were easier so that we got more fours, it is quite possible that we should not amuse ourselves so much. There is an agreeable latitude in the matter of the shots; we ought to drive pretty straight, just because there are no menacing lines of rough to frighten us into driving crooked. On the other hand, we must play our iron shots up to the pin really well, because many of the greens are closely guarded and the putting, as I have said, is not too easy. "You must put you: tee shot dead at this hole," said my adversary yesterday at a particularly difficult short hole with a particularly small and curly green, "and then you may get a three." Moreover, not only must the iron shots be hit straight, but they must be hit hard and boldly right up to the pin. Whether it is some trick of the atmosphere or whether it is merely that the ball stops very quickly, the fact remains that the stranger is perpetually short and that it is a sound rule always to take a club by one degree stronger than the first which suggests itself.

The outgoing holes are the longer and the more ordinary. They call for strong driving and good strong iron play, but they are not particularly dramatic unless we make them so for ourselves by slicing into the swift river. The second half is the more varied, not so long, but teeming with quiet humour in the form of streams. Here are some really excellent holes, such as the long eleventh, with its stream on the left tempting us to hug it over-closely in order to gain length, its road of fearful ruts, its green close to the railway, as it might be at the Corner of the Dyke. The thirteenth, too, is capital. Between tee and hole there is no single obstacle of any kind, but there is water to the right, water to the left, and a horrid road behind the green: the second, moreover, is no mere chip, but a firm pitch, to say the least, and the courage must be taken in both hands. Equally good in its unobtrusive way is the second shot to the last hole, a spoon or cleek shot to be played up to a green unguarded in front, but lying in a little angle of turf and having something of the quality of the Dowie hole at Hoylake.

There are no hills to climb or to carry at Pau, which is rather a comfort to the idle or the tired holiday-maker. On the other hand, there are plenty of small undulations, for the ground is admirably broken, and you may hit what you are pleased to deem a flawless tee shot and yet get, for the good of your soul, an odd lie and an odd stance for your second. This adds to the fun, as most certainly does the fact that there are not too many other people enjoying the fun. There are enough golfers to be friendly, not enough to make for crowding and waiting: and, if I may allude to so trifling a subject, the lunch is scrumptious. So I can bear up against this rainy day.

## ENGLISH NATIONAL TREASURES

### THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE



1.—THE GUILD CHAIR (MID-FIFTEENTH CENTURY).  
From the Guildhall of St. Mary, Coventry.



2.—OAK CHAIR CARVED WITH RENAISSANCE  
ORNAMENT, Circa 1535. From Sir Edward Barry.

**T**HE loan exhibition of English domestic and decorative art held for a short week at Lansdowne House is of exceptional range and importance. In this great collection from country houses, from the treasures of the City companies, from Winchester, and from Oxford and Cambridge colleges can be traced the growth of this country's wealth from the Tudor period to the nineteenth century, and the shifting currents of foreign influence and fashion. Of furniture, tapestry, needlework and plate there are gathered what would be termed in the eighteenth century "capital" examples. The Gothic chair from the Guildhall, Coventry, and some early oak furniture from Ockwells are especially noticeable. The mid-fifteenth century civic chair (Fig. 1) from the Guildhall of St. Mary's at Coventry must have originally formed part of a triple throne for the guild masters of the triple guild of St. Mary, St. John and St. Catherine. The large pinnacles are (left) the Royal lions of Plantagenet England supporting a fragmentary crown, and (right), the elephant and castle, the arms of Coventry. The chair is completely carved on the left side with tracery below a figure of St. Mary on the spandrel, while, on the right side, the lower part is left blank and having two mortises. The Late Gothic tracery of the back, and the carved detail of the top rail are



3.—TABLE OF EBONY AND WALNUT, THE TOP MOUNTED WITH SILVER.  
Circa 1675. From Ham House.

peculiarly rich. Also of rare and early form is the buffet from Ockwells, which dates from the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Here the simple form of the cupboard portion, which is panelled with mouldings familiar in contemporary French furniture, contrasts with the cusped tracery immediately below. The tall-backed oak chair, which is also lent by Sir Edward Barry, has the panels of the splayed back and the front panel of the enclosed seat carved with Renaissance ornament and with medallion heads (Fig. 2). Fine examples of the age of walnut and mahogany are the pair of walnut settees covered with Soho tapestry and two armchairs from Glemham, lent by the Duchess of Roxburghe; and the settee and two chairs of the lion period, lent by Mr. Wythes (Fig. 4), of which the seats and backs are covered with *petit-point*. The ebony and walnut table from Ham House, of which the supports take the form of terminal female figures, and the top is mounted with plaques of embossed and chased silver (Fig. 3), is contemporary with the rich decoration of Ham House for the Duke of Lauderdale in Charles II's reign, for which he employed skilled Dutch craftsmen.

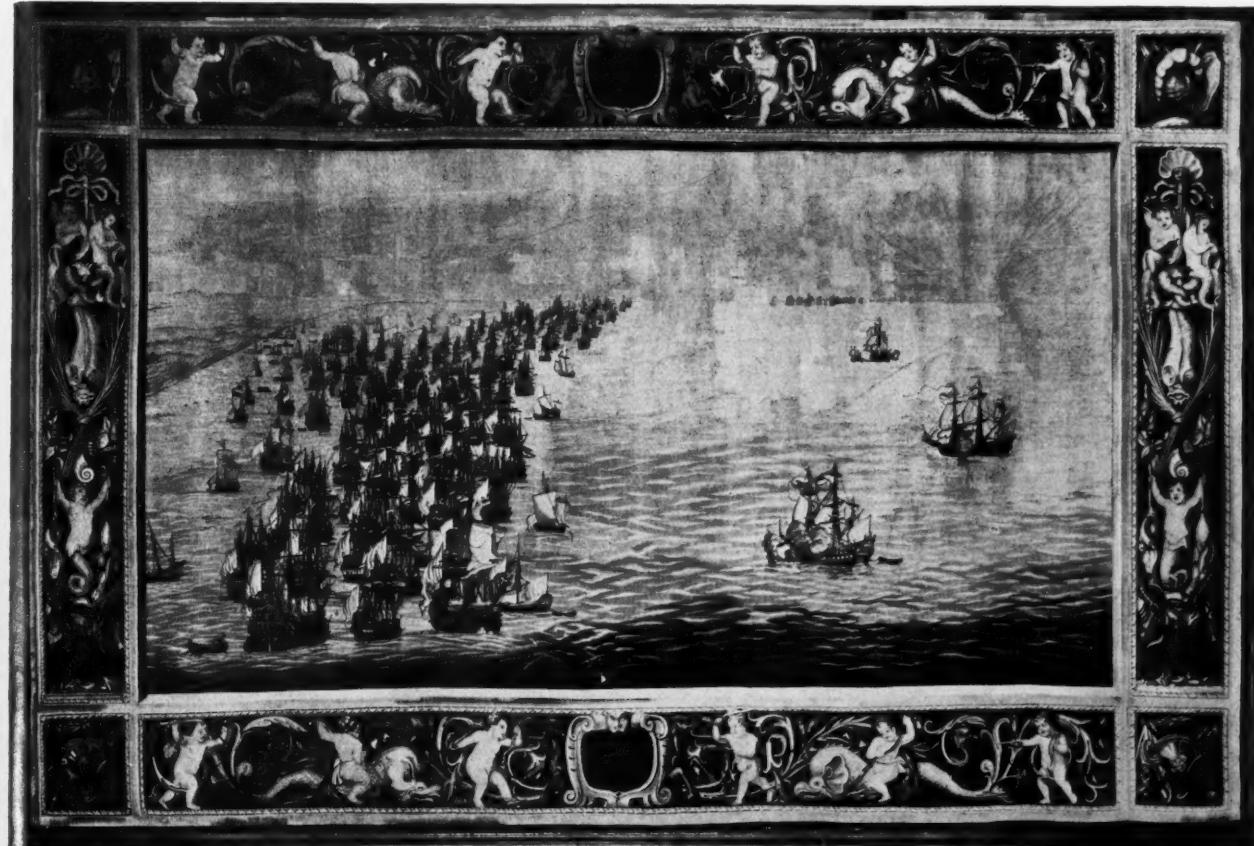
England has been, in the past, famous for the quality of its textiles, both woven and embroidered. There are examples of the work of the factories of William Sheldon, established in 1561, and carried on by his son Ralph, such as the map of Gloucestershire, lent by Lord Ednam, and the Hatfield Seasons, Summer and Autumn, where the figures, after the Flemish designs of Martin de Vos, are the centres for a wonderful display of fruit, flowers and animals



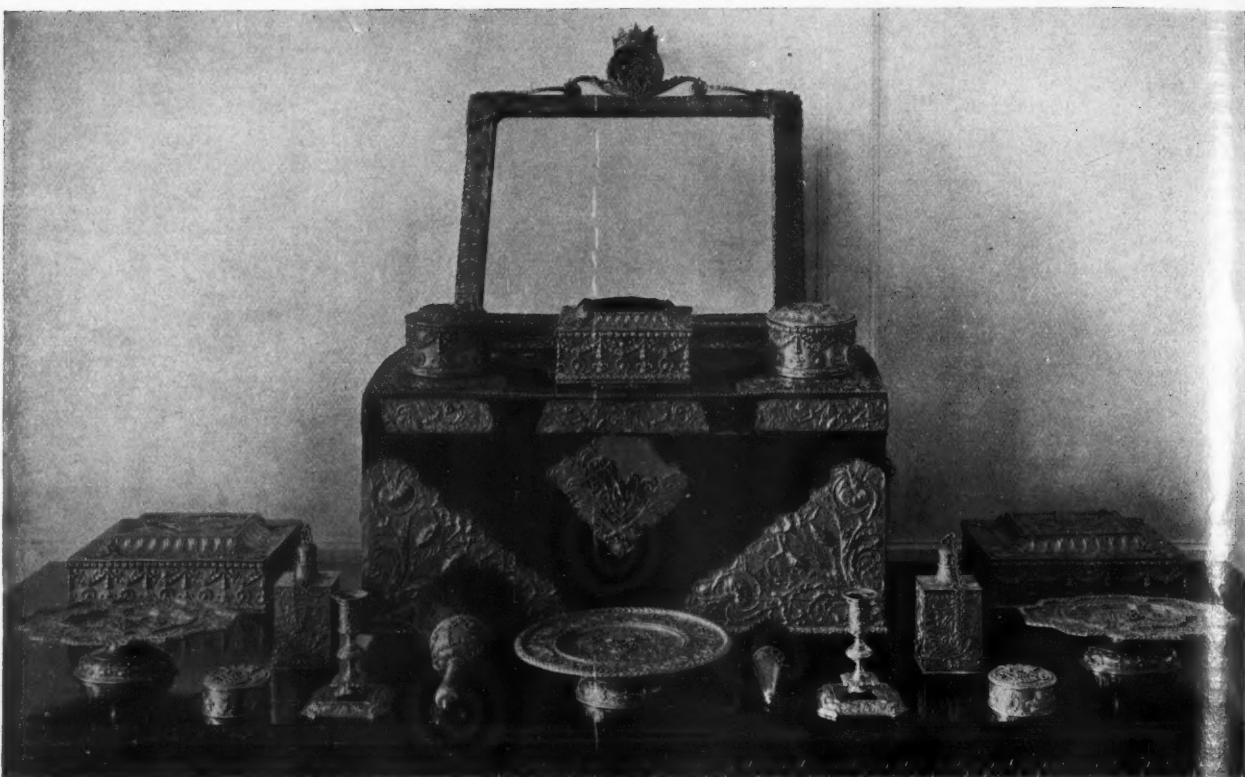
4.—MAHOGANY CHAIR OF THE LION PERIOD, THE BACK AND SEAT COVERED WITH PETIT POINT.  
Circa 1725. From Mr. E. Wythes.

of diverse kinds. These are the last dated examples of the Sheldon looms. Of the Mortlake factory there are examples of the early work of its looms in the portrait of Sir Francis Crane, its first director, and the later panel of "Playing Boys," based on designs of the followers of Raphael. The Duke of Portland's "Horsemanship" panel, woven by a Fleming probably in England, is shown, together with the Marquess of Newcastle's treatise on the subject, which was translated into French for publication. The "Solebay" panel (Fig. 5), woven by Thomas Poyntz, is an attractive seascape, as well as a memorial of the naval action off the Suffolk coast in 1672, which de Ruyter said was "the hardest-fought battle that he ever saw." This panel, which shows the burning of the Royal James, bears the arms of George Legge, first Lord Dartmouth, who had commanded the Fairfax during the action. The set was ordered in May, 1688, by James II, for his friend Lord Dartmouth, but the Revolution intervened and it was never presented to him. The tapestries in the Chinese taste, woven by Vanderbank or Masarind, and the two panels lent by Lord Ancaster, which were woven by I. Morris in Soho for Sir Gilbert Heathcote's house, Normanton, about 1723, show the activities of independent workshops in London in the Early Georgian period.

Complete sets of dressing plate—a luxurious fashion of the Restoration—are rare; many were, no doubt, melted down, others survive in an incomplete condition. A section of the exhibition is a series of silver and



5.—PANEL OF TAPESTRY OF THE SOLEBAY BATTLE, WOVEN IN 1688.  
From Lord Iveagh.



6.—DRESSING PLATE BELONGING TO "LA BELLE STEWART" DUCHESS OF RICHMOND. (FRENCH, 1672-80.)

silver-gilt dressing plate, beginning from a set of fifteen pieces, all (except the candlesticks) made by a French maker bearing the initials P.F., between 1672 and 1680, for a French farmer-general named Vincent Fortier (Fig. 6). Its travelling case of oak, with fine embossed silver mounts, is probably unique. The monogram F.S. under a ducal coronet is that of "la Belle Stewart," Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, to whom this set was given, it is said, by Charles II. This set is lent by Mr. Baird of Lennoxlove. The utensils vary in the different sets of dressing plate; for instance, in the very large set lent by the Duke of Portland, purchased in 1714 by Lord Harley and bearing hall marks for 1701 and 1714, the makers being Pierre Platel and Nicholas Clausen, there are, besides the mirror, pincushion-box and octagonal bottles, small and large boxes, and silver



7.—TEA KETTLE WITH STAND AND LAMP (1709), BY ANTHONY NELME. From the Duke of Portland. Height 15½ins.



8.—KETTLE, WITH TRIPOD STAND (1725)  
BY JOHN CORPORON.  
From the Duke of Northumberland.

topped glass pots, two hook-topped weights, a pair of candlesticks and a bell. The dish by Paul Lamerie, hall-marked 1730, was acquired later. Among other pieces from Welbeck are a tea kettle stand and lamp by Anthony Nelme (1709), and a teapot, stand and lamp by the same maker four years later in date, and a remarkably early silver-gilt cruet frame and cruets, by W. Fawdery, bearing the hall mark for the year 1714. But the most surprising object from Welbeck is the small table with cabriole legs, overlaid with sheet silver and engraved on the top with a shield of seventy-two quarters, including Harley, Holles, Vere, Cavendish, Ogle and Basset (Fig. 11). There is no hall-mark, but the maker's mark is probably that of Edward Holiday. Another rarity in silver is the Duke of Northumberland's kettle, with its stand and lamp and tripod stand (1725). Before the death of Anne kettle pedestals or stands were provided, such as one made for the sixth Earl of Exeter; but this was described by the author of the *Decorative Arts in England* as the only example known.



9.—MARBLE BUST OF HENRY VIII.  
From Lumley Castle.

with designs of fruit, flowers, foliage, birds and animals in imitation of the Chinese manner, lent by Lady Holford, which match the chinoiserie of japanned furniture, and tapestry woven at this date in Soho or Hatton Garden. In the latest bed curtains, such as the fine set lent by the Hon. Charles Clifford—worked, it is said, by Mary Blount, who married the ninth Duke of Norfolk in 1727—wool has yielded to silks and satins as the material for needlework. In the first half of the eighteenth century the covering of upholstered chairs with needlework was accounted the duty of women—a duty they rebelled against on occasion. The worked canvas was often designed to fit the framework, and to emphasise its lines, as in the settee and chairs lent by Mr. Wythes, and the gilt settee and chairs from Madingley Hall.

A group apart, although distributed among the various rooms occupied by the Exhibition, are some Royal relics, and the four Royal busts lent by Lord Scarborough from Lumley Castle. These marble busts, the work of some statuary or "marbeller" in



10.—MARBLE BUSTS OF ELIZABETH I, EDWARD VI AND MARY. Elizabethan. From Lumley Castle.

Other loans, such as the Duke of Portland's cistern (1682) and his fire-dogs bearing the arms of Queen Anne (1704), the silver-gilt pilgrim-bottles, witness to a generous use of the precious metal for state and use.

There are a number of needlework pictures and panels, which in the Elizabethan age suggest embroidered parterres, with each flower clearly defined, such as Sir John Carew Pole's cushion cover worked with scrolls, the centres of which end in roses, columbines and corn-flowers worked in polychrome silk with a ground of silver-gilt. In the early seventeenth century portrait of Elizabeth Craven, who married, in 1622, Sir Percy Herbert (afterwards Lord Powis) a tunic embroidered with a floral scroll design is shown, and a skirt worked with floral sprays, birds, insects and a date palm, are instances of the use of such fine needle-work in dress. Of needle-work for curtains worked in crewel typical of the second half of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries there are many instances, culminating in the brilliant work in polychrome wool,

Elizabeth's reign, which are mentioned in the 1590 Lumley inventory as "Fowre livelie statues all wrought in white marble," have never hitherto left the wall at the Castle. Relics of Charles I, the silver chalice from which he received Communion on the day of his execution (or the "day on which he was murthered" as the inscription on the bowl has it), and the pearl ear-ring worn by him at his execution, are also among the loans.

From the same loan comes the blue ribbon of the Garter, also worn by Charles I on the day of his execution, and given by him to Colonel Matthew Thomlinson.

A debt of gratitude is due to the Committee and to its chairman, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, by whose energy and organising talent a collection of English art rarer and, in many respects, more representative than any hitherto seen has been brought together. It is only regrettable, in the interest of visitors and of the Invalid Children's Aid Association (to which the proceeds of the exhibition are to be given) that its duration—it is open from March 18th to 25th—is so short. M. J.



11.—TABLE OVERLAID WITH SILVER. Circa 1715.  
From the Duke of Portland. Height 2ft. 2ins.; width 2ft. 1ins.; depth 1ft. 6ins.

## THE PINK-FOOTED GEESE



"A ROAR LIKE A DISTANT EXPLOSION."

**T**HERE are few birds which are so difficult to approach as the pink-feet. Photographing nesting birds, such as the curlew, is an entirely different matter to shooting pink-feet with a camera in winter, more especially during the first few days after their arrival. Hides erected near nesting birds may enable the camera to be worked from the most advantageous position. Not so with the wild geese. A hide built on the top of the marsh would result in banishing the geese from that area entirely. The outfit taken to photograph the pink-feet was necessarily a fairly heavy burden. A reflex plate camera was chosen because the erratic gymnastics of flying geese make distance judging a catch business with other types of outfit. A telephoto-lens added its due share to the weight, in addition to a good supply of dark slides with spare plates. Even with a willing and competent companion it was not easy work to drag such a load over miles of marsh and almost impassable creeks to get to the goose grounds. One thing there was to cheer our laborious journey, that was the sight of hundreds of geese. Away in the distance about four miles out we could see, through the glasses, flock after flock flying around. Out on the wet sands of the bay there was a mile-long black fringe of geese on the sand-banks. The keeper who accompanied us for the first mile or so comforted

us with the statement that the geese were as wild as hawks. Privately we thought they were wilder than any member of the hawk tribe with which we were acquainted. After negotiating a particularly soft creek we decided to have a goose drive. The camera and operator were settled in a corner of the creek and the birds were to be driven in a north-easterly direction. A careful peep through the grass on the marsh edge showed the body of geese to be coming on in two huge straggling groups. Whether they had noted the absence of the third member of the party or not and suspected a hidden danger, they all with one accord swung well out away from the camera, thus presenting only a distant chance; but with a quickly changed plate both flocks left their imprint on the respective negatives. These two attempts represented the easiest shots of the whole day.

Whenever we deviated from the edge of the marsh to wander among the creeks we got so thoroughly weary that we called a halt and contented ourselves with a seat in a small cutting. But a look round with the glasses showed us the geese making merry about half a mile farther on, and, judging from the small lots flying, our retreat was out of their line of flight, so we again started on our quest for the marsh edge. Just at a very abrupt corner there came a whispered warning: "Geese coming up



"THE EASIEST SHOT OF THE DAY."



"SHEERING OVER THE CREEK EDGE."

in front." Down went the bag of spare plates, off went one foot at a tangent down a mossy glissade, but being well hidden the geese came steadily on and afforded a fairly good shot. Two more shots at that corner were bungled. Then one long shot was taken at a small flock of geese just as they were passing along a streak of deep blue sky between banks of clouds. Once out of the creek we hurried over a hillock of sand and ran to gain the shelter of the marsh edge. But looking warily up we could see the heads and necks of scores of vigilant geese watching us from the marsh, and in a couple of seconds there was a roar like a distant explosion and an immense cloud of pink-feet rose in the air and sheered off in broken groups, some

for the tidal river and the rest farther inland on the grass. There was only time to snap once at this veritable cloud of geese, so quickly did they disappear. We hung on to the last plate until the geese lifted from the sandbanks, and took the first chance that offered, but they were too far out. Then goose-shooter's luck happened, for, having spent our last cartridge—in this case our last plate—a great flight of geese came leisurely swinging past, all beautifully slung out in half a dozen graceful skeins, well together. Not twice in a lifetime would any follower of geese see such a glorious sight. However, we had to accept the inevitable and pack up. We were behind time and still had all of four rough miles to walk.

SARAH J. SHARP.



"BETWEEN TWO BANKS OF CLOUDS."



## IMPERIAL CHEMICAL HOUSE

*Sir Frank Baines designed and completed this building, of some six and a half million feet cube, in two years. It represents the last word in rapidity of building, office organisation, efficiency and the comfort of a huge staff.*

**T**HIS latest addition to the great business "houses" of London, which is to be opened on February 22nd, represents an extraordinary achievement. Not only was it designed, built and taken over for use in the incredibly short space of two years, less than one-third of the normal time required for a building of such magnitude, but five floors were finished and actually occupied in sixteen months. At the beginning of 1928 an extension at the back of the main building of nearly equal size (2,500,000 feet cube as against 4,000,000 feet cube) was begun, four floors of which are already occupied. So vital was the time factor to Sir Frank Baines's clients that excavations were begun on the day after the rough sketch design had been approved, without a single working drawing being in existence. The work has had to be designed, calculated, altered in accordance with the clients' changing requirements, approved under the London Building Act, and co-ordinated so that none of the ninety contractors (headed by Messrs. Mowlem) had any excuse for delay, as it was proceeding. The stupendous figure of 60,000 working drawings has been issued to date from

the architect's office. There is no doubt that what has been accomplished here has never been attempted before either in this country or in America. In design and arrangement Imperial Chemical House presents as original a solution of the architectural problems of office planning as its construction constituted a "record" in co-operation between architecture and the needs of industry. The directors of Imperial Chemical Industries have given London a splendid building of which they may well be proud, and one that worthily and efficiently accommodates the machinery of a vast industrial confederation.

As First Commissioner of Works during the war, Lord Melchett had had experience of Sir Frank Baines's power of organisation in building towns and factories at a moment's notice. But till the beginning of 1927 he was still chief architect to the Office of Works, so that Lord Melchett did not approach him till several other architects had assured him that his requirements could not possibly be fulfilled in two years. If official architects had been debarred in the past from executing private commissions, as was suggested in the House of Commons,



FROM LAMBETH BRIDGE

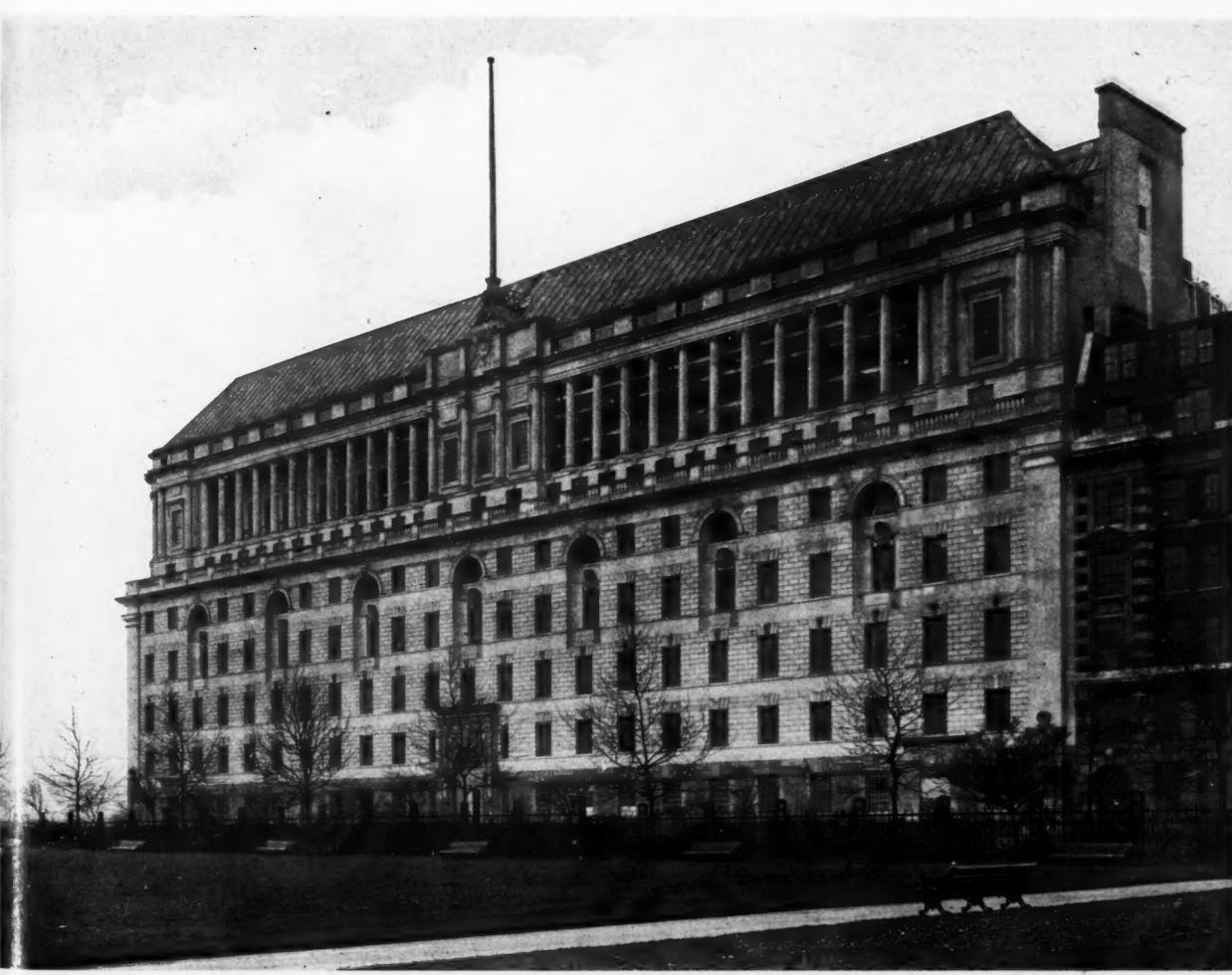
Feb. 23rd, 1929.

COUNTRY LIFE.

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THE SPLAY AT THE CORNER OF HORSEFERRY ROAD AND MILLBANK.



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THE RIVER FRONT, FACING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we should not have had the private buildings of Wren, Vanbrugh and Chambers. However, in view of the unprecedented demands put upon the architect of this building, the Prime Minister was justified in requesting Sir Frank to resign his official position, and the latter was equally justified in quitting official work in order to perform what, apparently, no other man could have accomplished.

It was a bold step on Lord Melchett's part, for his architect's official practice had not hitherto exercised him in works of

have not only insulted the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey, but upset the whole river front of Westminster, which will be more important when the new Lambeth bridge is built.

The river is the controlling external factor in this design. The internal factors will be referred to in a moment. In reaction to the fashion in office buildings, Sir Frank decided, in the day or so allowed him for reflection, that this was to be a composition of horizontal lines, following the sweep of the river, and not an expression of vertical structure. Accordingly,



THE CENTRE OF THE RIVER FRONT.

this character. But precisely for this reason he was able to bring a fresh, even a boyish, mind to the job, yet one which was permeated with respect for the English renaissance tradition. The essential conservatism of the architect has let slip an opportunity for the modern treatment of a large number of rooms for which money was freely available. But the loss is compensated by the tactful design of the building as a whole. A flamboyant or a ruthless erection on this site might easily

all vertical lines are suppressed, and the scale of the building, so far from overwhelming the passer-by, is almost domestic. The channelling of the masonry "stream lines" the façade, and the slightly sagging lintels to all the windows, while giving an impression of heaviness in themselves, prevent the horizontalism from being too rigid. At intervals on the main front deep inset arches rise from the third to the fifth floor, each arch surmounted by a head representing a great chemist,

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THE COLONNADE ON THE RIVER FRONT.

This photograph, taken before the completion of the building, in the light of a cool summer morning, suggests not only the grandeur of the building, but the beauty of the wide prospect over a great modern city, vaster and fairer even than that which Wordsworth saw.

Feb. 23rd, 1929.



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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

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MAIN CORRIDOR, DIRECTORS' FLOOR.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'



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CORRIDOR IN THE SPLAY, DIRECTORS' FLOOR.

'C.L.'

among whom appear two of the federation's directors. The heads are, perhaps, a little large in scale to fit in perfectly with the design,

The corner of the building is splayed in order to provide space at the mouth of the future Lambeth Bridge. The splay, now 100ft. wide, was designed to be only 24ft., and the steel structure was half way up when this big alteration had to be made, involving the shifting of the centre of the whole building, as a result of the L.C.C. having omitted to notify the architect with its intentions more seasonably. When the new Lambeth Bridge is built, the roadway will be raised to the level of the temporary terrace seen at this point.

From a ground storey of polished grey granite, which can be kept clean, the façade rises uninterrupted to the full height of 80ft. allowed by the London Building Act, containing four storeys more. The plan of these floors provides a double bank of rooms, the inner ones looking into one of two large courts tiled with a design of pilasters. Most of the rooms are of a single bay (there are 700 of the type in the building), and their metal casements have been chosen so as to give continuous texture to the façades and to prevent the windows appearing as black voids. Their enlivening quality will be the more valuable when the Portland stone walls have weathered.

In this part, the main bulk of the building, the main bulk of its business is done. As there is little to distinguish the rooms or floors from one another, the uniform treatment of the façade is a commendable example of architectural honesty. Above the cornice line, however, where the law requires the walls to be set back, all this is changed. The building rises another 50ft., and Sir Frank Baines has here accommodated the directors' rooms—apartments of greater size and of a single bank only, with a colonnade carrying up the plane of the lower walls. Above them, again, are the staff refectory and dining-rooms in the roof, lit by lunettes from the back. The roof itself has been covered with Portland stone slabs, which will remain white, etched with black. This admirable innovation, derived from a practice used by Romanesque builders, carries on the idea of the colonnade in letting the elevations fade out into the sky instead of being surmounted by the grimy ridge of tiles in which most of the buildings of modern London peter out 80ft. above the street.

The sculpture of the façades, much of it fine in quality and elegant in design, was modelled by Mr. Fagan. The carving of the granite round the main entrance is especially noteworthy, since it had to be executed with pneumatic tools. On keystones, on various levels, are several charming masks of appropriate personages, or designs symbolic of the Federation, such as the caduceus of Mercury. Large groups of statuary are to surround the angles of the building, by Mr. C. S. Jagger and other sculptors.

The great doors, with panels modelled by Mr. Fagan, are not yet in position. Silveroid, a copper-nickel alloy, the metal in which the panels are to be cast, is difficult to work owing to its not melting below 3,600° F., in contrast to bronze, which is malleable.

at a mere 800° F. The doors will have twelve panels in all, the subjects chosen to illustrate the evolution of the industrial and scientific world from primitive conditions, and the gradual progress of mankind towards increasing efficiency, greater leisure and a completer life. The south door represents the primitive, the north the modern method of such basic activities as food-getting, building, transport and agriculture. In several of the panels, notably that of modern applied science, in which a giant telescope is seen with modern buildings in the distance, Mr. Fagan has organised the generalised subjects into fine designs.

These mighty portals, each of which weighs over a ton and a half, will be controlled by electric motors operated by the pressure of a switch on the inside, to press which, however, the porter will have to stand on a special platform which travels with the door. This is intended to prevent either a gale taking charge of the doors and da hing the porter against the wall, or the doors from running over an urchin or other



ON THE STAIRCASE.

inautious intruder, as might happen if Gruffanuff were anywhere but on the door.

As the visitor goes over the inside of the building the ideal of efficiency and co-operation enunciated by the panels of the door is intensified. In no other office building has so much been done for the well-being and consequent efficiency of the staff. In the basement beneath the inner courts are a gymnasium and squash racquet courts, in the roof a great kitchen and delightful refectory hall, with compartments for private meals. The basement of the extension is a car park. The entire building is equipped with recessed daylight lighting in the ceilings, by which the old drop fittings, with their "glare point" and accumulation of dirt, are eliminated. Warmth is provided everywhere by the panel system of radiant heat—small-bore pipes embedded in the structure of the ceilings. By this, heat reaches the occupants of rooms almost entirely by radiation, that is, without the movement of air or the stuffiness or down draughts associated with radiators. In summer the system can be switched over to a refrigerating plant. Ventilation is provided by the automatic changing of air



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THE BOARD ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A CEILING, SHOWING THE LIGHTING EYE

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LORD MELCHETT'S ROOM.

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THE REFECTORIES IN THE ROOF.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

three times an hour in all office rooms, the extraction vents being contrived in the soffits and cornices of the ceilings. The windows are provided with small openings adjustable to a fraction of an inch. For cleaning purposes vacuum installation exists, suction inlets being fitted in all rooms, communicating by 6in. pipes with turbines in the basement. All these services, besides telephones, synchronised clocks, lifts and water, were incorporated in the structure as it rose without more than £1,000 having to be spent in breaking away "made" work for the insertion of omissions—in itself a remarkable tribute to architectural organisation.

The appearance within expresses the same alliance of comfort with efficiency. The entrance hall and landings, of plain rectangular design, are lined with Subiaco marble, in which the gleaming silveroid of the lift doors and the handrails of the stairs are points of brightness. The lighting of the entrance hall is by false windows, with strips of blue glass applied, behind which are blue bulbs. The passages (there are over two miles of them) have rubber floors, with ceilings and walls of glossy sunlight-coloured paint. The doors, *à perte de vue*, are of a massive Georgian pattern, with pronounced architraves, and all of naked silver oak.

The directors' and board rooms, on the sixth floor, are, for the most part, panelled with veneered walnut, and have enriched ceilings of acoustic plaster, which has a pleasant porous texture. In some cases a charming Wyatt style of decoration is substituted, and some of the walnut rooms have finely carved pearwood drops. As with all the carving about the building, pains have been taken that its details shall be appropriate. Thus, in a pair of drops of Grinling Gibbons type, various chemical accessories have been ingeniously worked by Mr. Fagan into the decoration. The furniture of these rooms consists of appropriate designs reproduced from antique models. In one of the board rooms, indeed, is a magnificent late eighteenth century dining-table on pedestal supports which is admirably suited to its new purpose. Though some may regret that the great opportunity presented for more original decorative and furnishing schemes was not made use of, it must be remembered that the whole building is essentially Renaissance in character, so that the austere style of modern art would scarcely be in keeping with it.



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THE KITCHENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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surrounded by a plaster wreath—is a plain circular plaque; the pressure of a button on the table sets an electric motor in motion which raises this plaque or trap door and simultaneously illuminates globes concealed in the miniature loft above the opening. Their light, which can be regulated by a pressure of the same button, is collected and cast downwards by cone-shaped reflectors of spun aluminium. The effect is eerie, for the room becomes uniformly flooded with light from this eye without any gleam being visible. By the pressure of another, secret, button the chairman can lock all the drawers in his desk.

These rooms all open on to the colonnade which overlooks south London and the City, with the Houses of Parliament almost dwarfed in the foreground. Seagulls, "that wing the midway air," wheel and shriek before the cliff of masonry. Though the prospect is impressive by its association with history and with the sinuous Thames, London scarcely looks its best from a height owing to the grubby and dishevelled character of its roofs, which lie like a covering of black snow at a uniform height over the tops of all the, potentially, most impressive buildings. From such a vantage point as this, which must, as buildings grow higher, become more common, the desirability is accentuated of some such architectural roof covering as the Portland stone adopted here. It is not fantastic to suppose that the architect of the future will need to consider the pate of his work nearly as much as its face.

Almost the entire length of the floor in the roof is occupied by the refectory, over 200 ft. long, of which the barrel-vaulted ceiling successfully masks its comparative lowness. This impressive hall, which, in character, recalls some of James Wyatt's interiors, has a sprung dancing floor for festive occasions. An aperture on the river side gives access to the base of the flagstaff—a monster spar 75 ft. long built up of layers of silver spruce like the spar of a yacht. The opposite side of the

refectory is separated by glazed partitions from a service gallery of equal length, fitted with rows of hot-plates, and communicating with the eminently efficient kitchens designed to serve 1,500 lunches an hour. They are light and lofty rooms lined with Carter's mat-surfaced tiles of dove colours. In the Horseferry Road wing is another, smaller, but more elegant hall of pronounced Wyatt ancestry which, since it was built, has been subdivided by partitions to provide compartments for small private parties. This subdivision is a pity, from the architectural point of view, since the room is one of Sir Frank's most delightful conceptions. But on other counts the idea is, no doubt, excellent. Separate dining-rooms are provided for the directors, the president, and the chairman, the latter being a miniature in the Adam style charmingly modelled and tinted.

In this account attention has necessarily been restricted to the completed building at the cost of silence upon the toils attending the early stages of its construction. Many photographs and reels of film, however, record the mystery of its birth: the huge excavation in which the subsoil water of London, fed from the northern heights and the high tide of the river, had to be dealt with; the 1,300 concrete piles, varying from 26 ft. to 40 ft. in length, through the body of which water was forced out of their steel shoes to facilitate their cleaving the soil; the uncharted culvert that was encountered and which no authority owned to; and the vast raft resting on the piles and caissons, on which the mighty superstructure stands. Compared to these huge works, the slight ornaments fade into insignificance, and the decoration of the rooms seems a slight matter beside the multifarious wires and pipes and vents that interlace among the buried stanchions. It is in what is not seen rather than in appearances, and especially in the invisible fourth dimension, that the extent of Sir Frank Baines's achievement in meeting the demands of his clients appears almost superhuman.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE ECONOMICS OF THE FARM

HERE was a time when the farmer gauged his financial stability, and therefore the success of his farming methods, by the state of his banking account. Though this may be a partial guide, it is not the only factor of importance. Interest is gradually being extended to those other factors which have their bearing on successful or unsuccessful farming, and for this much is due to the systematic studies in agricultural economics which now constitute one of the most important features in modern agriculture.

The bearing which this branch of investigation has on the study of farm management is very important. The fact that a limited number of farmers have been able to take advantage of the results which carefully kept accounts of the cost of their farming show from year to year, has revealed the possibility of extending the application of economic studies to other problems. The subject is one of such importance that a memorandum has been prepared for the Empire Marketing Board by Mr. J. P. Maxton of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford, on the Survey Method of Research in Farm Economics (E.M.B. 14, H. M. Stationery Office, 6d. net). This survey method is destined to supplant the now well known cost-accounting method so far as research economists are concerned. It is not suggested that cost accounts are valueless. If cost accounts could be carried out on a large number of farms they would yield very valuable data, but experience has shown that few farmers are willing to spare the time and trouble which are necessary for keeping all the necessary information, while it is also expensive in the labour necessary for the analysis of the various items. This latter factor has limited the number of farms from which careful cost accounts can be kept by the various economics research departments at the universities and agricultural colleges. In view of the limited scope of cost account investigations it has been found difficult to make the fullest use of the data obtained, since it cannot be entirely representative of the farming in the areas concerned.

The survey method was introduced by Professor G. F. Warren of Cornell University, and in its aim seeks to eliminate those undesirable features which are characteristic of the cost accounting system. Thus it seeks to provide a more comprehensive study, not of individual farms as units but of farming systems, methods and crops on an extensive scale, including in its scope as large a number of farmers as possible. One can more completely understand the approach of this survey method from Professor Warren's own description in the Cornell University Bulletin 349 on "Some Important Factors for Success in General Farming." His views are as follows: "It is frequently stated that success depends on the man. To some persons this seems a full and satisfactory explanation. But it explains nothing. It merely dodges the question. Success cannot come from merely being a genius. Success comes from doing certain things. The farmer does not sell himself. He sells milk, potatoes, hay, apples. It is such things as cost of production, amount sold,

and price that determine his profits. The only way that a good farmer can express himself is by doing certain things. These things are fairly easy of analysis. If one farmer sprays his apples and another does not, it is the arsenic that kills the worms. Any other person can duplicate the result by spraying in the same way. If one farmer succeeds because he has better cows than another, this success can be duplicated. Certainly some persons will succeed where others fail, because they do things differently. Just what are the differences in method of procedure? Many of the limiting factors are natural forces over which the farmer has little, if any, control. Other limiting factors are prices, roads, freight rates, capital and the like. These limit what can be done by the best, as well as the poorest farmer. With large numbers of records, it is possible to determine with a fair degree of accuracy the influence that each of the different factors has on profits. Any part of a farmer's success that is due to his acts can as readily be determined when large numbers of farms are studied."

Mr. Maxton and some of his colleagues have had the opportunity of studying the survey method in the U.S.A., and it is interesting to observe that it has already been applied to various subjects in this country on a fairly extensive scale, of which abundant examples are quoted in the bulletin. The data for the survey method is obtained by direct visits paid by investigators to every farmer in the area surveyed. The group averages of the information secured is used in analysis by the survey method, and it is computed that over 90 per cent. of the farmers in a survey area are usually willing to contribute the necessary information. The method is not dependent upon the existence of careful financial accounts, but full use is made of these when they exist.

The survey method has the advantage, apart from the ease with which investigations are carried out, of yielding information on a wide range of matters associated with farming. These include (1) The general financial condition of the farming in the area surveyed. (2) Reliable information regarding the economic organisation of farming in the area surveyed. (3) The means of making a statistical analysis of the factors influencing successful farming in the area. (4) In certain circumstances an approximate cost of production figure for the principal commodities produced. (5) Provides a convenient means of showing each individual farmer within the scope of the survey how the organisation of his farm compares with the average organisation of neighbouring farms. (6) Enables local conditions of farming to be compared with the conditions in other areas.

There is little doubt that the survey method of research is destined to play a prominent part in the farming economics of the Empire. The information which it is capable of yielding will be of the greater service to agriculturists who now, as a class, are revealing a spirit of enquiry and readiness to learn. This alone more than justifies the special facilities which exist in the agricultural economics advisory centres. H. G. R.



## THE GREY FOX

BY JOHN C. MOORE.

MARCH had come in like a lion. A roaring wind swept along the valley and up the hillside. Cold rain and sleet followed it. The distant mountains were capped with snow.

Tradition had it that March would go out like a lamb; but whether or not that might be the case, it was bringing the lambs with it now, in spite of its blustering winds and chill rain. They came in the dark nights when the storm was buffeting the hills, and next morning the slopes were dotted with them. The pitiful bleats of the ewes were carried along on the March wind.

Will Roberts listened for the sound as he strode up the rough path that wound away from his farm over the billowing breast of the hill. He looked at the darkening sky and saw the scurrying clouds heaped up overhead, piled on top of each other, as it were, in their hurry to keep pace with the wind. There was a dark night ahead, a rough night, a wet night, and he must be up on the hillside with his ewes. He turned up his coat collar and spoke gruffly to his collie-dog:

"Lambin' time, Sandy; allus wild weather."

There was a certain rough intimacy between these two, a surly but understanding companionship. Will Roberts had no womenfolk. He occupied a single room of the tumbledown farmhouse and lived primitively. Once a week Mrs. Hollins from the village came up and "did for" him, routing the dust and the cobwebs for a day. A man came regularly and laboured upon the farm, but Roberts never saw him when work was over. It was terribly lonely up on the Hill Farm.

Will Roberts had his moments of dissipation. He attended market once a fortnight at Winchford, after which he would return, somewhat miraculously, to the Hill Farm to sleep off the effects of the "blind." For the rest, he had his work and Sandy.

Sandy was becoming old. Already the years had imparted a grey tinge to the shaggy red coat that had prompted his name. His sharp muzzle was nearly white. For seven years now Sandy had shepherded the Hill Farm sheep. He was an expert at the game—gentle to the bleating lambs, polite to the frightened ewes, firm with the boisterous tegs and wethers, and respectful to the sturdy, impetuous ram. Will Roberts relied upon him as upon a trusted employee, and felt for him as much affection as he felt for any living creature.

They toiled together with an obstinate endurance, these two. They toiled because they must live. Will never sought to lighten his labour by means of artifice, nor to make it more efficient than was absolutely necessary. He worked grudgingly, steadily and desperately hard; without originality and without ambition. He did not nurture the soil; he fought it with all the dogged power of his stubborn personality. The farm had belonged to his father before him, and, like his father, he was content to extort a meagre living from it. It was a labour not of love, but of hatred.

Loneliness had made Will sullen and uncouth. Mrs. Hollins told the villagers that he needed a wife "to tidy him up." But there was scarcely a latent spark of tenderness left in him, and it would have gone ill with any woman who came to the Hill Farm and took Will Roberts for better or for worse. He was rough and unsympathetic; coarse and a little brutal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out in the wind and rain on the hillside he spent a busy night with his ewes. He had not folded all of them, and he sent Sandy off for long trots into the darkness, while he stood listening for a bleat of pain borne along at the thundering heels of the wind.

It was an unlucky night; and when an angry dawn glowed in the east he had already lost two ewes, and a third lay exhausted with her dead lamb beside her.

It was fully nine o'clock when he made his way homeward, with two motherless lambs hidden under his coat for warmth. And even then he made a detour to look at some ewes which had borne their lambs early on the previous evening. An unpleasant surprise was awaiting him. Two of the ewes stood bleating over their lambs—curious stiff objects, lying strangely, with their long legs stretched out straight, their heads all smeared with blood, their necks neatly bitten through at the nape . . .

"A hundred shillin's worth in the autumn," grumbled Will Roberts, "tis that durned fox—one o' they great grey hilt foxes . . . Sandy! Eh, Sandy?"

Sandy trotted up and sniffed timidly at the dead lambs. He shook himself. His ruffs stood up.

"That's it, eh, Sandy? He'll be too fly for a trap, or pison . . . as cunnin' as a cartload o' monkeys . . . but there's more ways o' killin' a cat than one. I must bring my gun up one night. And dam' the 'Unt, I say."

Sandy looked up and wagged his tail knowingly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next day Will drove his dilapidated float into Winchford Market. He had some business to transact with a Mr. Wychley of Mangelsford, who wanted to buy a cow. Will had a cow with a weak quarter which he was anxious to get rid of—at a good price. Mr. Wychley was fair game. A gentleman farmer! It would be easy to sell him a wrong 'un!

Will loathed and despised gentleman farmers. They were interlopers, they were charlatans; they did a poor man out of an honest living, and they thought they knew everything, whereas they really knew nothing. They were conceited and patronising and generally mean. If they did not consent to being persuaded into a bad bargain—well, they were meeker than ever.

Will's manners were, in the Parliamentary phrase, conspicuous mostly by their absence. So that even when it would have most benefited him to have been polite, to have led Mr. Wychley into the bargain with smooth words and obsequious flatteries, he could produce little more than a curt offer:

"Got a cow as might suit you."

He then shrugged his shoulders, spat, and gave every evidence of an attitude of "take-it-or-leave-it."

"I might come up and have a look at her sometime," said Mr. Wychley.

"Oh ah."

Conversation flagged. Mr. Wychley took a step as if to move away. The business was closed. These damned supercilious gentlemen farmers! thought Will. But this was too good a chance to throw away. As Mr. Wychley took another step, Will made a feeble effort at conversation.

"Lost two good lambs last night. That durned grey fox . . ."

Mr. Wychley retraced his two steps.

"Eh?" he said.

Will grunted.

"Fox. Lambs. And about that cow——"

"Fox killing your lambs? Nonsense!"

Will became instantly upon the defensive. Gentleman farmers! Thinkin' they knew everything, muddlin' into other people's business . . . ! Will made his customary gesture. He spat.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Wychley, "foxes never kill lambs. It's a most ridiculous theory—superstition if you like—held by the ignorant and—er—credulous country folk. A fairy tale. Same with badgers."

Will grunted aggressively. Mr. Wychley went on:

"A fox has neither the courage nor the physique to kill a lamb, with the ewe close at hand."

Mr. Wychley was an amateur naturalist; unconsciously, Will had touched a tender spot of fanaticism. For Mr. Wychley

was the mildest, the most even-tempered of men. It happened that this was the only subject which would provoke him to argument; and upon this one subject Mr. Wychley waxed perennially fierce.

Will had occupied a minute or two in consolidating his defences. He said:

"Goiner getter gun an' shoot un to-night."

"What!" said Mr. Wychley, "shoot—a fox?"

"Yus."

"Shoot—a fox! My good man!"

My good man! Will raged inwardly.

"Anellovalot it is to do with you," he said.

Mr. Wychley was suddenly stricken with an idea.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If it's a moonlight night, and you sit up for that fox, I'll sit up for him with you—"

His fanatical enthusiasm increased.

"And if it proves to be a fox—I'll buy your blooming cow!"

"Gerron!" said Will, taken aback.

"I mean it."

Will became cautious.

"And—if it isn't?"

"There's no obligation at all on your side. I shall be sufficiently satisfied if I can prove—"

"All right," said Will. "I'll be going back about five o'clock." He had weighed up the matter in his mind. He mistrusted Wychley, but he could see that under the terms of the bargain he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. He was dead certain that a fox was the culprit. Nothing could shake his certainty.

"I'll motor out," said Mr. Wychley.

Them gentlemen farmers and their motor cars!

"Take un down a peg," thought Will. "Eh, Sandy?"

He looked round at the collie dog at his heels. Sandy wagged his tail.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a favourable night. The clouds had scurried away, leaving a clear starlit sky, in which a full moon shone brilliantly. In the silver light the slope of the hill fell away mysteriously into the shadow of the valley, and the summit towered heavenwards, a moonlit pathway to the stars.

At seven-thirty Will Roberts heard the low hum of Mr. Wychley's car, and he fetched down his gun from the rack above the mantelpiece and looked through the barrels. It was a double-barrel twelve-bore hammer gun, an old weapon, but serviceable. The inside of the barrels gleamed brightly as Will held them up to the light. Those barrels had been made in the days of craftsmanship . . .

He heard Mr. Wychley knocking at the door. He grunted "Come in!"

Mr. Wychley came in, a lean brown figure in an old tweed suit, with a muffler round his neck and a cloth slouch cap upon his head. Sandy jumped up and greeted him with a growl.

"Evening," said Mr. Wychley. Will spat amiably.

"How are we going to manage this?" Mr. Wychley asked.

Gruffly, and without any polite embellishments, Will explained his scheme of operations. He had constructed a hide of branches around a stunted mountain ash on the hillside. From there they could watch without being seen, and—if they lay very still—without being heard. There was the question of scent, of course, but there was a strong west wind blowing, and nothing to windward would catch a whiff of them. There was, of course, the chance of the fox circling round and getting behind them, in which case he would be off in a moment. But that was a matter of luck.

"An' then there's the lamb," said Will.

"Yes?"

"Are you willin' to pay for the lamb?"

"Oh . . . the bait, so to speak? Aren't we going to leave the ewe with it?"

"No," said Will with finality.

"Oh . . . I don't think that's quite fair. I mean, the ewes were with those lambs of yours that were killed last night. Besides, the lamb will die."

Will gauged Mr. Wychley's enthusiasm.

"I s'pose as you'll pay for it," he ventured tentatively. There was a pause.

"Oh . . . all right. I want to give you every chance to prove your case. I want to be quite fair."

"Right. We'll be off."

The two men went through the open doorway towards the hill towering above them. Sandy jumped up to follow.

"No, Sandy!" said Will. "Lie down! Stay there!"

Sandy wagged his tail pleadingly, and finding pleading useless, turned dejectedly, revolved three times, and lay down in the doorway.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A good dog, that," said Mr. Wychley.

"Ay," grunted Will. "Not bad."

\* \* \* \* \*

Crouching in Will's improvised hide, the two men commanded a good view of the hillside. It sloped away from them, queerly grey in the moonlight, disappearing suddenly into shadow several hundred yards away. Across the valley were more hills, a long low line of them, the shadowy hog's back of the down.

A few lights twinkled in the dark below—shining windows and a solitary street lamp. Winchford had no Watch Committee and "did not hold wi' such things." Did not every old woman, it reasoned, constitute half a dozen Watch Committees in herself? So it remained uncivilised in the matter of street lamps. Winchford was kind to its lovers.

A steady wind blew across the valley and over the slope towards Will's hide. Some thirty yards away, a dark splash on the grey, one saw Will's lamb.

In the hide the two men lay still, and there was no sound save that of their breathing. There was an atmosphere of strangeness, of broken conventions, of a queer excitement, and curiously enough, it was Will who felt this atmosphere most strongly. Odd that he should sit out like this, waiting for a fox that would probably never come, with a man whom he disliked, and with whom he had nothing in common! . . . 'Eathenish, thought Will.

"Wish that bloomin' fox would come!" thought Will. Probably it wouldn't come at all. There would be a miserable petering-out of the whole affair—his case unproved and Mr. Wychley's substantiated. Will wished that something would happen.

He gazed incredulously at the motionless figure beside him. Such stillness, such silence . . . it was inconceivable, unnatural.

As if divining his stare, Wychley whispered:

"Sat up for tiger twice . . . in the Central Provinces."

"Oh ah." The information conveyed little to Will.

"Eerie business, but panther's worse."

"Oh ah." Will was not interested. Why didn't that fox come . . . ?

Suddenly Will started and gripped the stock of his gun more securely. He saw a dark form moving up the slope towards them, far beyond the lamb.

Will felt his companion stiffen. He altered his position and hugged his gun into his shoulder.

As it came nearer, Will's keen eyes made out the outline of the form. He distinguished the pricked ears and bushy tail. It was a fox!

It approached at an easy lop; then stopped for a second, a dozen yards from the lamb, sniffing the air.

Will's heart beat loudly. His breath came in quick jerks. Beside him, Mr. Wychley remained utterly still.

In the moonlight Will detected the grey-brown colouring of his quarry. It was crawling towards the lamb now, crawling along on its stomach.

Funny, thought Will, for a fox to do that . . . didn't look natural, somehow. He had a sudden overwhelming feeling of something queer and mysterious about the whole business. The moonlit hillside, with its short cropped turf that was neither grey nor silver nor green . . . the immense stillness . . . and that brownish form creeping up to the lamb, furtive and remorseless. . . . It was horrible, somehow. Will took a quick glance at Wychley beside him. He was staring at the sight with a strange intentness.

The brown thing had reached the lamb with a sudden leap.



Will was glad that horrible crawl was over. Now it stood over the lamb, clearly outlined against the pale turf.

Will raised his gun. His hand was trembling. He looked along the shaking barrel, and with an effort steadied it and took aim.

Suddenly Mr. Wychley moved.

"Don't—" But he was too late. The report shattered the stillness. The brown form dropped over the lamb.

Will felt a sudden wild triumph. It had been a good shot, at thirty yards. He'd proved his case, and had taken Mr. Wychley down more than one peg. Will exulted.

Mr. Wychley was speaking, very quietly.

"That's no fox."

"Eh?" said Will, on the defensive as usual. He wouldn't have any tricks now; he'd won his bet.

"It's a dog."

"'s not!" grunted Will, angrily incredulous; and yet—

Painfully he raised himself from the ground and moved off down the slope. Mr. Wychley followed him. Unconsciously Will broke into a trot. He was the first to reach the huddled heap on the turf.

Mr. Wychley heard Will's exclamation as he leaned down, and the sound of it froze his heart.

"Sandy!"

And Mr. Wychley understood. Different as he was from Will—so different, indeed, that they seemed to be at opposite poles of humanity—Mr. Wychley could understand that muffled cry, and knew its meaning.

Very quietly he turned and walked away over the springy turf down the hill. He dared not look behind, at the uncouth, awkward figure, standing against the moon.

## A GOLD CUP PROSPECT

INVERSHIN VERSUS FELSTEAD AND OTHERS.

OME time ago Mr. John Reid Walker, who had the good fortune to win the Ascot Gold Cup last year with Invershin, informed the writer that he purposed making another assault on the Gold Cup for 1929 with that horse. Sure enough, Invershin's name appeared among the fifty-six entries, to the surprise, doubtless, of those who had anticipated an immediate stud career for him.

After the horse had beaten a single opponent for the Jockey Club Cup last autumn, I fancy it was his owner's intention to retire him. But then came a change of mind. Invershin was perfectly sound; and influenced, too, by the fact of his good temper, Mr. Walker decided to have another shot at what is unquestionably the premier Cup trophy. There may have been another factor counting in the changed policy. It is fairly well known that Mr. Walker, among members of the Jockey Club, was emphatically opposed to the practical abolition of stallion allowances in certain of the important produce races. Those allowances were adopted and incorporated in the rules many years ago, chiefly at the instigation of Lord Durham. In the year in which he died—I am referring, of course, to the elder of the Lambton twins—the allowances were rescinded.

Now, Invershin, I imagine, would not have gone to the stud, in any case, at what might be called a "fashionable" fee—one, say, of 300 or 400 guineas. His fee would have been such as would have enabled his producer to qualify for a breeding allowance under the rule as it used to be. Without that encouragement, and attracted by the horse's claims as a stayer and the general poverty in the land among stayers, it is not difficult to account for the fighting policy now adopted where Invershin is concerned.

Whatever others may think, Mr. Walker does not accept the view that Invershin's victory of last year was in the nature of a fluke and that he would not have won had Finglas, the hot favourite, been ridden differently. Elliott, who rode Finglas, stated most emphatically at the time that he would have won had he not been tied down by the orders impressed on him by the owner. This, and all such matters, must remain controversial. We may think this thing or that, and apply to our arguments and deductions the greatest sagacity, but absolute proof cannot be forthcoming.

What we did see at Ascot last year was a most resolute effort on the part of Invershin, seconded by his jockey, Carslake, who had won the race the year before in somewhat similar circumstances on Foxlaw, and the fact that he won through a rare display of stamina and courage should be accepted, I suggest, as a fair and true result. His owner, too, is courageous in seeking to disarm his horse's critics at the risk of such a defeat as would jeopardise Invershin's stud career when it becomes due to begin.

On the other hand, a second success, for which there is ample precedent, would put Mr. Walker in the position of being unaffected by the abolition of stallion allowances. Invershin's career on the racecourse would have justified a considerable fee such as cannot be advanced for certain high-fee stallions at the stud to-day.

It is not without interest to glance down the list and note some of Invershin's likely opponents, though, to be sure, there will be much "drying-up," as is always the case between now and next June. First of all, one notes an important omission—the name of Fairway, the St. Leger and Eclipse Stakes winner of last year. It does not, however, occasion any surprise, since Lord Derby decided a long time ago to let the horse miss the Ascot Gold Cup this year and be given the opportunity as a five year old in 1930. So, on this occasion, it is certain there can be no return match between Fairway and his rival, Felstead, who in the Derby had beaten him "out of sight."

We know, of course, that Fairway was then only the shadow of the horse he was later in the season, just, in fact, as was the case with Bayardo in 1909. That fine horse, it will be recalled, was beaten in the Derby in what was Minoru's year, but from Ascot onwards he was never beaten until disaster

most unexpectedly befell him as a four year old at Goodwood. Meanwhile he had won many honours, including the Eclipse Stakes, the St. Leger and the Ascot Gold Cup.

Obviously, a heavy responsibility is on Felstead this year. He has to shatter the belief so widely held, and probably unfairly, that he was not the best colt of last year, even though he won the Derby. And he has to resist the invaders—incidentally, an important one from America. Among the French challengers is Palais Royal II, the horse that was second to Fairway for the St. Leger and then won the Cambridgeshire in quite brilliant fashion. Everything points to Palais Royal II developing into a formidable challenger.

As I remember him from last year, he has the physique which offers scope for very considerable physical improvement from three to four years of age. When he appeared in the paddock before going out for the Derby he was but a shell of a horse as it were. There was a marked change in him at Doncaster three months or more later, just as there was in Fairway, and as a rule such improvement in a big horse which has once been a long way short of maturity and "furnishing" is progressive.

Two from France that are entered in the names of Lord Derby and Mr. Ogden Mills, respectively, and are jointly owned by them, are Cri de Guerre and Kantar. The former I saw win the Grand Prix de Paris, and I am satisfied he is a thorough stayer, but I am not so well satisfied that he is a better horse than Kantar. However, the nomination of the latter is now rendered void through the death of Mr. Ogden Mills.

We have had warnings galore that the Gold Cup is this year going to be won by the American horse Reigh Count, owned by Mrs. John D. Hertz of Chicago. We know that he was probably the best three year old in the United States last year, and so he comes to us with unquestioned credentials. As to whether the best over there is equal, or even superior, to the best we can produce can only be a matter of surmise at this moment. We shall be grateful for Reigh Count's contribution towards solving a most attractive proposition.

Meanwhile it is true that the maker of the Lincolnshire Handicap did not exalt him when placing him on the same mark as Fohanaun (9st. 2lb.) at the head of the weights. Surely Fairway and Felstead would both have been asked to give at least 10lb. to a handicapper of Fohanaun's credentials. And if we take the St. Leger form, then Palais Royal II, too, would have been asked to concede a few pounds to the American horse. On the face of it the handicapper treated Reigh Count almost contemptuously. One wonders how the horse will reply to the affront as his opportunities to do so come along.

There is, as usual, a wide range in the calibre of the Gold Cup entry, showing that some owners, at any rate, believe in miracles. I shall not mention some of those horses that seem grotesquely out of place; at least the entry money their owners contribute goes to swell the stakes to the winning owner. Apart from those discussed, the most interesting of the rest are S. Versteed, Cyclonic, Ox and Ass, Baytown, Kinchinjunga. They are a quintet with reasonable claims to figure in the entry.

National Hunt racing has been paralysed by the great frost, and this must also apply to training generally. It is agreed that Mr. Topham, the framer of the Grand National Handicap, has dealt leniently with the French-bred mare Maguelonne, who made such a bold show in the race last year and later won the big steeplechase of France for the late Mr. A. Loewenstein. She is the property now of Mr. "Jock" Whitney, a young American who is anxious to join young fellow-countrymen in Mr. Sanford and Mr. Schwartz, who had the great good luck to win Grand Nationals with their respective purchases, Sergeant Murphy and Jack Horner. Maguelonne is a beautiful mare, as honest as she is exceptionally good-looking, and a grand jumper. Her weight is 11st. 4lb., but my information is that she has been giving anxiety on the score of unsoundness. She got round all right in a two mile 'chase at Lingfield Park lately, but she certainly did not move freely.

PHILIPPOS.

## AT THE THEATRE

### RANDOM REFLECTIONS

In the absence of any new plays of importance I should like to offer a few words about criticism—not, let me confess, for the purpose of instructing the reader, but to reassure myself concerning the usefulness of my job. Let me begin with a little story. It concerns an evening in May thirty-six years ago—that is in the year 1893. I was a very young man then, on my first visit to London, and it was my first dinner-party. Rather timidly I asked the lady who took me in to dinner—for I am sure it was not the other way round—whether she had read what Mr. William Archer had had to say about the new piece which had been produced at the St. James's Theatre on the previous Saturday. She looked sternly at me and said: "Young gentleman, if I had been at the theatre on Saturday I should know for myself what the play was like. As I wasn't at the theatre what does it matter?" It seems to me that this strong-minded lady missed the very first thing about dramatic criticism. It did not occur to her that she might have learned from Archer whether she would enjoy herself if she took a ticket for that particular play, or whether she would do better to choose some other. Possibly she was rich and visited every theatre in turn. In that case, of course, she would have little, if any, use for the dramatic critic so far as he must exercise his most elementary function. But is it not possible that he has other functions? I should not be so bold as to submit a list of what these others may be, the most I shall permit myself being to write a little round them and allow the reader to divine them for himself. First, I would like to say that criticism must always be largely relative, just as all opinions about everything are relative to the person holding them. Let me give you an example outside the theatre. I was reading the other day an unfamiliar essay by Hazlitt entitled *Definition of Wit*, and he quoted two things, one of which he said was witty and the other not. The first was about a young gentleman who, calling upon his inamorata, said that he could only afford to bring her a present every other time. "Very well then," said the lady, "pray visit me every other time!" This is the example which Hazlitt did not deem witty. The other instance was a remark by Charles Lamb, who asked why elder wine should be so extremely agreeable when elder brothers are so extremely disagreeable. I do not know which the reader will consider the wittier of these two remarks. Personally, I give the palm to the lady, holding Charles Lamb's joke to be merely a play upon words. But here, again, I am in disagreement not only with Hazlitt but with my own secretary, a very witty little person, who agrees with Hazlitt. In her opinion there is nothing remarkable in what the lady said; according to her, any girl would have thought of it. I think it would be fair to say that criticism is only absolute when it has to do with masterpieces. Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*, the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, a play like *Twelfth Night*—these are absolutely beautiful, and anybody who should disagree merely proclaims himself a donkey. One could give plenty of examples of books and pictures and plays which are absolutely *bad*, but one refrains for the reason that it would not be fair and might be libellous. I have a play in mind, however, which was recently sent to me in manuscript to criticise. I shall not say what it was called or whom it was by, and the reader will never know because it will never be performed. The play began in a doctor's consulting-room and the stage directions were as follows: "It is one o'clock, the doctor's lunch-hour. But as his patient is young and pretty the medico bids his gastric juices curb their impatience." I can certify that this play was bad in the beginning, bad in the middle, and I have no doubt was, to anybody who persevered, bad at the end. That is absolute badness. It is when plays are neither masterpieces nor rubbish that the relativity of criticism occurs. A play which would leave a highly cultured audience unmoved might prove entralling to a horde of savages squatting on their haunches. The reader and I have seen, let us say, forty mystery plays or thrillers. Is it likely that we are going to think as highly of the forty-first as some old lady from Peebles who has never been to the theatre in her life? This brings me to the old question as to what is to be the point of view of the professional critic. By what standard is he to judge? I think the answer is that he must measure by the highest that he knows, and not by the lowest.

Then, again, the dramatic critic is always up against the word "drama," what it may be supposed to mean, and where he is most justified in looking for it. Is he quite sure that the whole of drama comes under his sway, and that that which squanders as drama in the cinema over the way is necessarily spurious and contemptible? Perhaps the critic might spend

a few useful moments clearing his own mind on the subject; and, as all good journalists know, one of the best ways of finding out something about a subject is to write upon it. What, then, is drama? Here I am reminded of the philosopher's remark about the elephant—that it is an easy thing to recognise but a hard one to define. The word "drama" is often used as if it meant exclusively a stage play to be performed in a theatre made of bricks and mortar, before an audience accommodated with tip-up, plush-covered seats. Let me freely admit that up to now the theatre has been a convenient place for the exposition of drama. But this fact does not mean that the theatre has established a monopoly. That the playhouse should say that the film cannot be drama is just as though the spirits of English cricket and English football should have met together some fifty years ago and said: "We have always had the grass to ourselves; therefore lawn tennis cannot be a game!" I begin to be afraid that the film can be drama just as much as the theatre, though it is played, if the metaphor be permitted, with different implements on a differently marked ground. The particular dictionary without which I should find life unbearable tells me that drama is "a composition, in prose or poetry, accommodated to action, and intended to exhibit a picture of human life, or to depict a series of grave or humorous actions of more than ordinary interest, tending towards some striking result." What, now, is there in this definition which is unsuitable for the screen? Does not such a film as "Warning Shadows" exhibit a picture of human life? Do not "Piccadilly" and "The Street" depict a series of grave and humorous actions of more than ordinary interest? William Archer tells us that the two sources of drama are "imitation" and "passion," and suggests some connection with the Greek words "mimesis" and "pathos." "Mimesis" originally meant the state of mind of the inspired dancer representing or becoming his god, while "pathos" meant something external happening to the person, such as bodily disaster like being hanged, or affliction of the mind like madness or ungovernable rage. All the authorities who would define drama are agreed upon imitation; the use of the word "action" instead of "passion" merely carries the thing from the spiritual stage into the practical, translating, let us say, Lear's lunacy and rage into the acts and words of a madman. The business of the tragic dramatist is to exhibit the spiritual meaning which is to be found in any conflict of unhappy passions. In exactly the same way the business of the comic dramatist is to disentangle the spirit of humour to be found in all assemblages of the incongruous in persons and events. Drama is unchanging in essence, though its laws are varied from time to time in accordance with the fashion in expression. A great critic told us, before the screen was invented, that none of the law-givers, Aristotle or Lessing, Corneille or Dryden, had exhausted the exposition of the means which the drama had proved or might prove capable of employing. Since this was written the film has been created. Now what can the film do? The film can give us imitation and action. It can disentangle the spirit underlying conflicting passions. It can do a great many things that the theatre does, and make up for its incompetence in the remainder by achieving successfully some things which the theatre cannot begin to attempt. Why, then, must the film be deemed unfit to serve as an instrument of drama?

It seems to me that the dramatic critic of the future will best serve the cause of the theatre which he loves by holding the ship of the theatre straight on her proper course; in other words, restricting the theatre to the proper business of the playhouse. As I write, the rumour comes that "Beau Geste" is to be taken off. The truth of the matter is that it should never have been put on—for the reason that everything which is attempted in this play could be done better, and has been done better, on the film. Compare "Quality Street," now enjoying its fourth revival. This play and all the other plays of Sir James Barrie belong essentially to the theatre. They were written for the stage and the stage is their home. No film version of these can supplant them, for the reason that the film cannot give anything of their essential delight. The theatre is obviously in for a hard time, and it seems to me that henceforth the function of the dramatic critic will be to leave fine writing and fine theorising alone, to avoid damning bad plays, and to spend all his energies in inviting the public to support the theatre wherever it is best and most itself. Following my own advice I recommend Sir James Barrie's play of twenty-seven years ago and "The Sacred Flame," Mr. Maugham's play of yesterday, as the two best pieces of theatre pure and simple of recent date.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

## THE GOATS OF FOKSTUA



ON THE ROAD TO THE SEATHER.

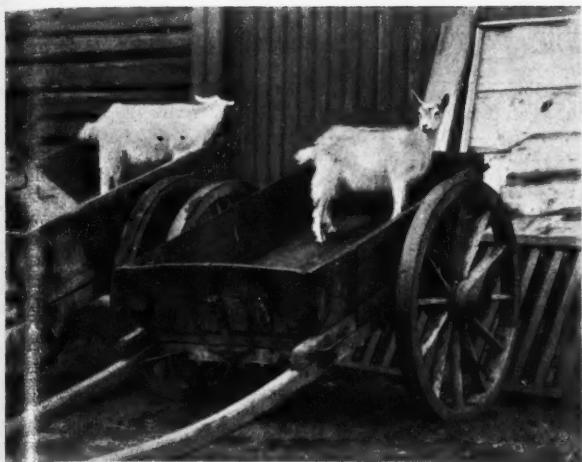
**A**FASCINATING beast is a goat, especially a white one, with long silky hair, pricked ears and light-coloured, enquiring, malicious eyes that seem to hold knowledge of all the sins and wickednesses of the world. With regard to the goat I am thinking of, its sisters, cousins, kids and other relatives to the number of seventy or so, whatever their eyes might seem to express, I believe all they really had on their minds was hunger. At any rate, the way they ate the black paper from my film packs suggested an appetite ready for anything! And I gave them plenty of that paper, but it all went.

Goats are to me, photographically speaking, what drink is to the inebriate, simply irresistible—I cannot help photographing them. Nearly every goat has this effect upon me, but Norwegian goats are the worst. My first ones were neither white nor silky, they were just hairy, and every shade from dirty ash colour to rusty black. They were grazing on a little plateau, a dozen or so of them, in company with some half-starved cows, while behind and below them lay a valley down

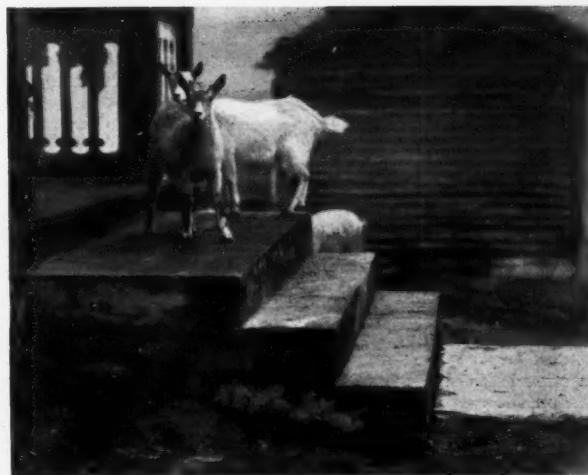
which raced a hurrying stream, with, beyond, grey-brown fields flecked with snowdrifts and, above, the crystal mountain tops glittering like a sugared birthday cake against the heavens. "Tinkle, tinkle!" came the sound of cow bells, and of a goat's bell, too. With one smothered exclamation of "goats!" and regardless of scenery and "bad going," I left the road and plunged across intervening peat hags towards my quarry. The quarry, however, did not need any care in the stalking, being embarrassingly tame and ready to make friends. It is difficult to get a picture of a goat that persists in poking its nose into the lens! There was one member of the tribe, though, that was not so familiar, a beast with horns and a beard, that eyed me suspiciously from afar, and reminded me of Beelzebub of Skomer Island, a fiend in goat's clothing that wrecked three good photographic tents which had been erected for taking snapshots of birds. That goat, Beelzebub I mean, was one of the few goats to which I have *not* felt drawn! especially when he reared on his hind legs, pranced and threatened to charge!



LOOKING BACKWARDS TOWARDS THEIR PARADISE.



AN IDEAL PLAYGROUND.



THE INQUISITION.

With Beelzebub in mind I kept "half an eye" on the one goat that did not seem so friendly, but there was no vice about it, I was merely a little nervous, and was as well mannered as every other Norwegian goat. "Click!" went the shutter as I focussed the reflex upon it, the ensuing slip of black paper from the film pack binding the other goats to me in bonds of yet firmer friendship. They loved me with the affection of the half-starved for one who they believe can supply food. I shooed them away, took more photographs and bestowed further alms in the shape of black paper, and then, my film pack nearly finished, decided I must likewise finish with the goats; but they had not finished with me. Did they know there were two films left and, therefore, two bits of black paper yet to be had? It seemed like it, for as I moved away they lined up in my rear and trotted after me. I shooed them back, but they were not going to take "no" for an answer. Turning about I found they were still following me. Surely they would not come far. Perhaps the best thing to do was to go on, treat the situation with dignity and the following goats with silent disdain, trusting that they would soon get tired of a fruitless pursuit.

"Baa! maa!" said a plaintive voice behind me, and there was the string of them trotting at my heels. This was getting tiresome, indeed embarrassing, for were they going to follow to the world's end? I had visions of an irate owner accusing me of theft, another vision of goats hunting me across Norway, and how to get rid of them I knew not!

Still those goats followed. I broke into a run, but they ran too; then, quite desperate, I turned about and charged them. Before their ranks could be reformed I was running up the hill as hard as I could sprint, to dodge behind some birch trees and yet better shelter behind a rock.

"Maa! baa!" came their



KIDS "IN THE CART."

plaintive voices, but, fortunately, they were, like greyhounds, only able to hunt by sight, and not capable of picking up a scent. With wily caution I crept on my way, feeling I had joined the great company of the hunted.

Now, the goats of Fokstua, the beautiful white ones that give the title to this article, were not quite so trying as that, but they were friendly enough, especially when there was sugar about. My friend gave one nanny a lump and was nearly knocked down by the eager onslaught of the herd.

The function of the goats in the farming economy of the fells is to provide goat cheese, that strange, brown, sweet-tasting cheese which is not always appreciated by the Englishman. Speaking for myself, I like it, but grant it is an acquired taste. At Fokstua there is not only a little turf-roofed house where the nannies are milked morning and night, but another turf-roofed shed where the rich milk goes through the processes that convert it into that peculiar brown substance, which to unaccustomed eyes looks more like a square block of brownish soap than anything else. Once the milking is over, the goat flock is driven away from the farm buildings and sent off into the wilds for the day, but as nothing is so sweet as what is forbidden the goats long exceedingly to return. As I think of them I see the flock, old ones and young ones, ancient dames and adventurous kids, looking backwards with the persistence of Lot's wife. Silky and white, they show up as they stand in a group on the stony ground beside the rushing torrent that brings the snow-water down from the heights, gazing with queer light-coloured eyes at the retreating forms of the girls, who, with their heads tied up in gay handkerchiefs, make picturesque figures as they go back to attend to household matters.

No sooner are they out of sight than "Baa! maa!" and the goats are streaming back across the bridge, that planked means of crossing the rushing water which



WHITE GOATS BY THE REST HOUSE.

keeps them from their Garden of Eden. Alas! for the goats, a boy is on the watch, and a well aimed stone catches the leading goat in the ribs, to send her scuttling back into the outer wilderness, followed by all that longing tribe.

And of what does their longed-for Paradise consist? But a small fenced-off paddock, containing a number of buildings. All day long they look and long and sigh, the guardian angel, in the shape of a ragged farm boy, inexorably barring the way, until, his attention relaxed for a moment, they rush across and enter their paradise. The old goats make for the spot where the horses are fed, to try to glean an extra scrap of food, but the light-hearted kids jump and caper, dancing up and down the steps of the house, and even in and out of the farm carts. These carts, such toy things they seem to English eyes, are drawn up in a row by the great barn, where the cattle are housed during the long winter, and afford an ideal playground for active kids—in and out they hop, now up in the cart, now down on the ground, and anon butting one another in the ribs.

But writing of goats "in the cart" reminds me of kids being "carted" in another manner. Most Norwegian farmers have, beside their home in the valley, a seather in the mountains, where their cattle, sheep and goats go for the summer. Many of these seathers are a long, long way over the fjords, and the cows, calves and goats have a weary trek before they get to them. I remember at Hjerkinn once hearing a call, "Here is a large party on trek!" and rushing forth to see quite a caravan toiling up the winding road. First came a farm cart, driven by a picturesque dame sitting on the top of provisions and fodder, with a foal following—it was its dam that was between the shafts! Then about twenty cows and several bulls trailing for a couple of hundred yards down the road; next, three more carts, a loose horse or two, further cows and a number of goats, with, at the rear, another cart carrying a sort of box arrangement, over the top of which peeped three rabbit-like faces looking out at the passing world. They were the kids belonging to some of the goats, and they were "in the cart" all right. FRANCES PITTS.

## MARY WEBB

*Poems and the Spring of Joy*, by Mary Webb. (Cape, 5s.)  
*Armour Wherein He Trusted and Some Stories*, by Mary Webb. (Cape, 5s.)

**P**OVERTY, struggle, neglect, death, recognition: how mysteriously often is this the sad air (with variations) played upon the most sensitive instrument in the world, the heart of genius.

It was so, as everyone now knows, with Mary Webb. And yet, how equally true it is that "the things that are for thee gravitate to thee." Mr. Baldwin was not in time to save Mary Webb from standing for seven years at a stall in Shrewsbury Market selling the produce of her garden, but he was the man of all men to "discover" her, not because he is Prime Minister, but because of a regional and spiritual sympathy with her work to which the fact of his being Prime Minister enabled him to give the fullest possible publicity.

In the same way we feel the inevitability of Mr. De La Mare's admiration for Mary Webb's poetry; he is the one man to write the Introduction to her poems and prose papers, and exquisitely he does it. Like a bee, he explores the uttermost sweetest and depths of Mary Webb's nature and presents us with his honey, not having marred one silken petal of the flower. Indeed, we may perhaps be forgiven if we surmise that one poem in this book, "To a Poet in April," can have been written to no one but himself. For of what other living poet would it be true to write—

The world has praised your leafy songs  
(the perfection of that adjective!), or—

You speak my joy in silver words  
I thought none knew so well, but birds.

Even those seven years of the market stall—years when Mary Webb was—

waiting wistfully

The looming of a larger destiny—

were not really waste, for out of them how much of the material for her work she must have garnered, and in spite of them she knew (because power is always aware of itself) that she was safe, that the future had her in its keeping:

And I shall dwell where once unknown  
I passed, and all shall be my own,  
Because I built of joy and tears  
A city that defies the years.

And now, although more than a year ago and at forty-six, it was all over for the woman—

Low in the grass, deep in the daisies,  
I shall sleep sound, safe from their blames and praises—

it is still only beginning for the poet whose poetry was as integral a part of her novels as of her verse. In seven volumes, delightful to the eye as well as to the mind, her work is now collected; these are the sixth and seventh. In the seventh, too, the publisher has had the happy thought to include facsimile copies of Mr. Baldwin's letter to Mary Webb about "Precious Bane," and her reply. Both letters are the very perfection of what such things should be—and the violets sent by Mary Webb for Mr. Baldwin's writing-table are of an impulse, a sweetness, that cannot fade.

So now all may know Mary Webb who have the capacity to do so. But she is, at the moment, still "fashionable," and so not everyone who now reads her will have that capacity. It is not only that to few is given her "bent, attentive head," her ecstasy in the fall of a blossom with its attendant shadow, her equal ecstasy in—

The pine  
That drinks the icy wind like wine.

## WEBB

It is at least two other things as well: one, that to her all manifestations of nature were "signs of divinity that are like faint, miraculous foot-prints across the world;" the other, that she held (because she knew) that "it is the dark places of the soul that are the very core of art and its substance."

Of such dark places the poems and prose in the first of these two books afford veiled but significant proofs—as also of the way to rise out of the darkness on the wings of the spirit. Not until a great soul has suffered to the uttermost limits of endurance is such a truth as this learned:

It does not matter how shut in we are.  
Opportunity for wide experience is of small  
account in this as in other things; it is depth  
that brings understanding and life.

What understanding, what life it brought to her! Even though, as Mr. Martin Armstrong says in his Introduction to the final volume of her work, her short stories "seldom if ever reach the level of her novels and poems," we could not bear to be without one of them because of this depth of hers, this power to transmit a pure flood of feeling. Like the girl in her story "The Name-Tree," she had "real, vital, savage passion," and we "had not thought passion of just that quality existed in the modern world."

*Armour Wherein He Trusted* is a novel that will never be finished. Another might bring to it something of the skilful, "period" style, but the passion of just that quality has taken flight from its earthly tenement and will be found in no other. Yet, as Mr. Armstrong points out, by a happy chance the story has a natural ending within an ending, a few pages before it stops, and so is a thing complete in itself.

In novel, in poem, in short story and sketch we watch for that sudden flowering of passion that is Mary Webb. It comes when she writes that "the April day was like the underside of a waterfall. Green rain was blown in glassy gusts along the blue lower slopes of the hills and through their far-flung shadows." It comes when she hears the song of a bird "shivering into a scatter of sweet notes like painted glass in fragments." It is in all that she writes of love. For she had both of what Mr. De La Mare calls a "loving rapture in the thing itself"—a faculty that was like a fire melting the tough metal of language so that it shaped itself to her hand—and what she herself calls, in the best of her short stories, "the realization of the infinite with the finite, altering all values."

But who shall define the wind as it blows? Mary Webb had genius, and so an end. V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**Peril**, by Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

AN entirely unconventional thriller is extremely rare, but *Peril* is decidedly a masterly piece of work, for Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has succeeded in making a very delightful omelette out of a collection of really bad eggs. They are not, perhaps, violently bad, but they are, at least, humanly bad in various degrees, and this benign tolerance of human frailty makes the book an astonishing relief from the usual run of straightforwardly characterised inorganic puppets. There is no pot-boiler's series of mechanical sentiments about this book. It is new, modern and decidedly stimulating; apart from this, there is a very high order of literary craftsmanship and a splendid economy of effect. It is a rattling good book for the ordinary uncritical reader, but, beyond this, the reader who likes and appreciates literary values in a contemporary piece of light literature will find it first-class material. The art does not show on the surface, and the story so holds that it needs re-reading to appreciate it to its full worth.

**Parrots and Parrot-like Birds in Aviculture**, by the Marquess of Tavistock. (F. V. White, 15s.)

TO describe a book as "useful" always seems to me a doubtful sort of compliment, if any compliment at all, yet that is the word which

immediately came to my pen when I began to write about *Parrots and Parrot-like Birds in Aviculture*. It is a useful book, useful alike to the enthusiastic specialist with extensive aviaries housing scores of rare specimens, and the old lady with her one pet bird. It deals with parrots of all sorts and descriptions, from the familiar grey African and the little budgerigar, to the rarest species that are seldom imported. And about them, all the author has something to tell us from his extensive personal experience, for this volume is no mere compilation from the works of previous writers, but is the result of careful observation and experiment, and therefore contains much original matter. Lord Tavistock begins by treating of cages and aviaries and aviary management, incidentally commenting on the cages in which parrots are customarily kept, and the perches to which macaws are usually doomed. If his severe strictures on these help to secure some pets more roomy and comfortable quarters, his efforts will be well repaid. Certainly any person who has a parrot, or intends to get one, should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" this chapter, including the paragraphs on food. With regard to the latter and the author's perfectly sound remarks

incidently indulging parrots with tea and such unnatural delicacies, the reviewer cannot help but think of a certain roseate cockatoo, an ancient spinster, and smile at the thought of the old bird's passion for tea. Tea she must have when other people are having it, and there is no peace until she does get it, but it has not killed her yet, and it would be unkind to ask a maiden lady how many long years she has indulged in it! From "Aviary Management" and "Diseases and Their Treatment" the author goes on to write of each species individually. He says in the introduction that the book is not a complete monograph of the parrots, but no species is omitted that is likely to be of interest to the reader. Altogether, this is, as I said, a most useful book.

## A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

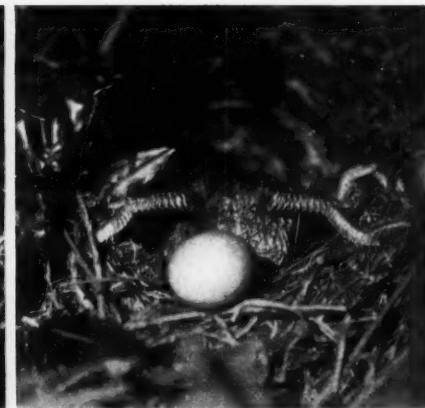
THE FORESTRY QUESTION IN GREAT BRITAIN, by E. P. Stebbing (Lane, 7s. 6d.); JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY, (Macmillan, 18s.). Fiction—JENNIE GERHARDT, by Theodore Dreiser (Constable 7s. 6d.); ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

## CORRESPONDENCE



THE EGG ANNOYS THE CUCKOO—

WHO GETS IT ON ITS BACK AND—



HEAVES IT OVER THE EDGE OF THE NEST.

a few of the conclusions I arrived at as the result of my observations. The first question I asked myself was: At what age can the young cuckoo throw an egg or young bird out of the nest? On July 3rd, late in the evening, the cuckoo's egg was seen in the nest. On the morning of the 4th the cuckoo was hatched and moving restlessly. In the evening of the same day (6 p.m.) an egg had been thrown out. That is, between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. it had been ejected, proving that before the young cuckoo is twenty-four hours old it is able to throw an egg out of the nest. "That at the age of two days, it (the young cuckoo) should be able to throw out what to it must be a very heavy weight, is astonishing enough"; writes Mr. F. B. Kirkman, "that it should do so a few hours after birth would border on the miraculous." The miracle, however, does happen. My observation is only confirmation of what was

recorded as long ago as 1787 by Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, recorded in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, Vol. LXXVIII. The next question I called on the young cuckoo to answer was: At what age does the impulse to evict disappear? I found that it coincided with the opening of the eyes on the seventh day. Other observers have recorded dates from the third to the tenth day. When does the hollow in the young bird's back appear and disappear? The answer my young bird provided was: It appears and disappears with the tendency to eject. Can the young bird throw out several objects in succession? Yes, even ejecting a small apple about an inch in diameter. How does the eviction take place? I found that the whole process could take place in a minute or less. The cuckoo is not satisfied with hoisting the egg to the sill of the nest, but, standing on the sill, will try to push it right overboard. The photographs illustrate what takes place. I should be glad to hear from anyone who has interesting cuckoo observations to record.—EDWARD A. ARMSTRONG.

## A RELIC OF TURPIN.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Through the kindness of Colonel G. D. Collings the Yorkshire Museum, York, has recently come into possession of the whistle of Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman who was executed at York in 1739. An old parchment accompanying the gift reads as follows: "The whistle with a carving at the top of a man moving a barrel with his right hand off, is the same that the notorious highwayman Richard Turpin used in all his feats of robbery. It was given as a great curiosity by the Clergyman who attended him at his Execution at York, on the 7th day of April, 1739, to the Senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who wishing to procure something of a man by the name of Sharpe gave it to him in exchange. He in his Will left it to a Miss Dawes, who soon after married a Mr. Taylor, a near relation to Mr. James Smythe the present owner of it, which Mr. Smythe received of her after the death of her husband." Mr. Smythe left it to his daughter, who married a Mr. Bird, and their son, the Rev. G. F. Bird (uncle of Colonel G. D. Collings), left it to his widow, who expressed a wish that it should be given to the Yorkshire Museum. As is well known, the leg-bar, waist-girdle and wrist-shackles worn by Turpin when a prisoner in York Castle are also in this museum.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.



DICK TURPIN'S WHISTLE.

Feb. 23rd, 1929.

A STRANGE ELECTION CEREMONY.  
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At Kirby Hill, near Richmond, North Yorkshire, there is a monument to one Dr. Dakyn, rector of the parish in the reign of Queen Mary. This Dr. Dakyn founded a free hospital for the "relief of the poor and indigent," and it is in connection with the election of wardens of the hospital that a curious ceremony takes place in the local common hall every two years. The people of the parish assemble in the common hall, the vicar being returning officer. All the candidates are asked to write their names on slips of white paper, which are rolled into separate balls, and then enclosed in pieces of brown paper. These latter are separately enclosed in small balls of cobbler's wax and dropped into a bowl of water, and the candidates whose names are enclosed in the first two balls drawn from the water are declared to be duly elected. The other balls are left in the water and, in the event of a warden dying during his term of office, a ball is drawn from the bowl and the person named in it takes office. Locally the event is often facetiously termed "Kirby Hill Races." I have been informed that this curious system of electing the wardens was adopted by Dr. Dakyn himself.—G. A. N.

CALF OR PUP?  
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I took this photograph of a great seal calf ten days before last Christmas at the Farne Islands. I believe this is the right term, though I recently heard young seals



"SPLASH AND GROW STRONG,  
AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG,  
CHILD OF THE OPEN SEA!"

alluded to publicly as pups. It is not a very good photograph, but interesting, I think, as showing the little creature in the water. The pale patches are the rocks at the bottom of the pool, which was probably four or five feet deep.—EVE M. SOUTHERN.

A RARE ANTELOPE.  
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was interested to see an illustration of a cream-coloured situtunga in your paper of February 9th. It may interest you to know that my brother, the late Major H. D. Bentinck, shot a similar animal in the year 1914 in the Bahr-el-Ghazal district. Although not entirely cream-coloured, the one he shot was partially so, and an illustration of the head appeared in the *Field*, but I cannot remember the date. The head now hangs in my mother's house, but the colouring is, unfortunately, not very distinct now owing to London fogs, etc.—ARTHUR BENTINCK.

THE "CIVET CAT."  
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—We are by now accustomed to the way in which an enterprising tradesman seeks to draw our notice by eccentric spelling and a would-be flavour of antiquity, and "Ye Olde Booke-Shoppe" leaves us altogether cold; but I incline to fancy that the "Civet Cat," which stood some fifty years ago, and perhaps still stands, in the chief business street of an old western city was a true survival of the days when shops were oftener known

by signs than by their owners' names. At any rate, it was what Johnson called a "stately shop," although it dealt in strangely mixed commodities; upon its spacious shelves were brought together things but seldom found in contact save in up-to-date department stores. In many points it was essentially a woman's shop, for dainty bags and dressing-cases often filled its window; parasols, too, and umbrellas, while I have a faint uncertain memory of ladies' hats. Were there perfumes, as seems suggested by the name?—the point remains obscure. But it was a man's shop also, driving-whips and saddlery and harness being displayed; and, finally, a shop for children, since, upon occasions, perhaps towards Christmas, one whole window would be "dressed" entirely with toys. Our attitude towards such display depended upon whether we were two or three in company or were alone. Alone we glued our nose against the window and quite frankly longed for fully half of what our eyes beheld. But, with a friend, our attitude showed more reserve—impossible for gentlemen of ten or twelve to own a serious interest in things only fit for "kids." And so we slackened speed, and over our smug faces stole a faint and altogether condescending grin as we took in the farmyards, carts and horses, soldiers, ships and butchers' shops. Then came a nudge: "Not bad, you know, that stable with the stalls and loose-box; kids would like it, eh?" Only on rare occasions—two or three, perhaps, in the six long years in which we trod the streets of that old city—did we venture through the portals of the "Civet Cat," and always on the self-same errand: to buy "agate" marbles, greatly prized as "taws." Ninepence the very smallest cost, and larger sizes ranged to twice that sum, or even more. We never rose beyond the ninepence, and the purchase was a somewhat fearful joy; the varied shades and markings of the stones distracted one from swift decision, and the lady who displayed them struck us as aloof and cold. Quite otherwise were we received in smaller, more familiar shops, where our small wants were not to be despised. But, still, the game was worth the candle, for there was so much thrown in: the pleasant scent of leather, with the sight of shining stirrup-irons, chains and bits and buckles—things dear, even then, to youthful lovers of a horse. And then the agates had their quarters in the toy department and afforded us a closer view of many secretly attractive things. But, on the whole, the air was, perhaps, a trifle rarefied within that stately shop; we breathed with greater freedom when once more outside its smoothly swinging doors.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

## A MONKEY SHOOT.

## TO THE EDITOR.

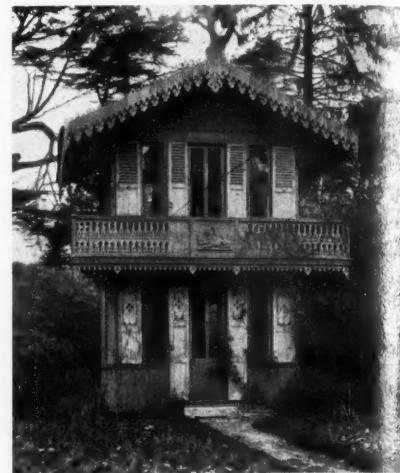
SIR,—Monkeys make good eating, but they make difficult catching, so the lucky native who possesses an antique rifle of the muzzle-loading flint-lock type is a mighty hunter, and the bag shown in the photograph is the

result of an early morning foray in the Congo Forests.—D. R.

## A DICKENS RELIC IN DANGER.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—No doubt many of your readers have heard that, in order to keep it in the country, the Mayor of Rochester is appealing for funds



WHERE DICKENS USED TO WRITE.

to purchase the Swiss *chalet* at Gadshill, Dickens' last home, in which he used often to work. Rochester has been given the first refusal. I do not think I have ever seen a photograph of the *chalet* reproduced. It has stood for some years in another situation, but originally the novelist could reach it from Gadshill Place by an underground tunnel which his engineer brother constructed for him. Dickens thought it was "really a very pretty thing," and, though it hardly seems very charming to our modern taste, it was certainly very pleasantly situated in a shrubbery, with two fine cedars adjacent; and, in any case, as it was a gift from his friend Mr. Fechter, he may have been trying not to look a gift horse in the mouth. He used the upper room as his study, and from 1859 to 1870, the year of his death, it was his chief refuge for writing during the summer. Five mirrors were placed in the *chalet*, of which Dickens says, in a letter quoted by Forster, "they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. . . . Birds and butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows." In this delightful environment Dickens probably wrote a good deal of *Great Expectations*, *The Uncommercial Traveller*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood*. He was working in the *chalet* until luncheon on June 8th, 1870, the day before his death.—G. M.



"POOR JACKO!"